

mr.

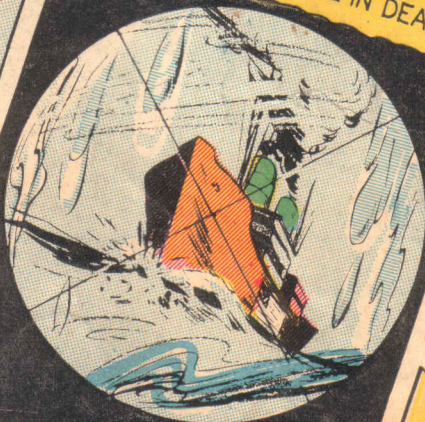
COMICS

No. 4
10c

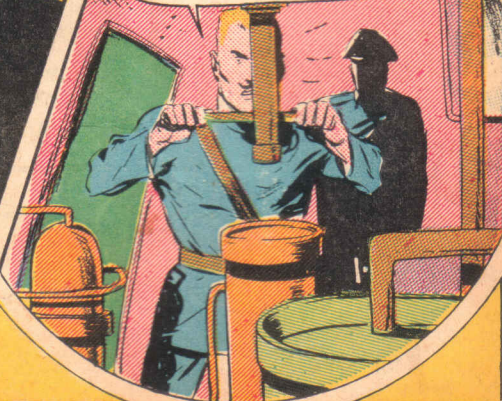
MI
RA
CE
LE



BUT OTHER EYES ARE ON THE
MERCY SHIP - CRUEL EYES -
WHOSE OWNERS DEAL IN DEATH!



TORPEDOES - ALERT!
HELM! THE COURSE
IS 164° WEST! QUICKLY!
ALL STATIONS - PREPARE
TO CONTACT ENEMY!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Missing...

"Missing in action." You know what that can mean.

Mom says you must be brave. "It's what your father would expect of us," she tells you when it's bedtime and your chin starts to feel shaky. Then she kisses you extra hard and turns her head away so you can't see her eyes.

You've never let her see you cry. Not once, since that telegram came and she twisted it all up in a ball, then smoothed it and put it in the desk.

But, lying in bed, you play "Pretend"—pretend you can hear his step as he comes up to your room—pretend you can feel a stubble brush your forehead. And sometimes, in the dark, you can almost smell a cigarette—suit close to your face.

Later you dream—dreams that you don't tell about. And in the morning you wake up with that funny, empty feeling in your stomach.

* * *

Poor little guy. We—all of us—wish there were something we could do. Perhaps there is. Why shouldn't it be this?

We can resolve that the plans your father had for you shall remain within your reach, that you shall have the chance to grow and learn, that your opportunities will be bounded only by your own get-up-and-go, that you will progress and prosper in direct relation to your own ability—in a land of freedom and opportunity.

Those are the things your Dad valued, the things for which he gave his life. Though some may strive to change all that—provide you with the "benefits" of an all-powerful government, the "advantages" of regimentation, the "blessings" of bureaucracy—we can resolve they won't succeed.

* * *

You, son, won't read these words, and if you did, they wouldn't mean much to you now. But your father's friends—known and unknown—are making you a promise, just the same.

You may never hear it from their lips. But if you were older you would read it in their faces—recognize it in their spirit. They are determined to keep America free. To keep it a land in which government is the servant, not the master of the people. To keep it the kind of America your Dad wanted to preserve—for you.



(Reprinted by courtesy of Chesapeake and Ohio Railway)

NARFSTAR

The Flying TRIO

HOLY JUMPIN' FISH HOOKS! LOOKA THAT SWARM OF BEES COMIN' AT US!

BANG!

RAY AND LOW IN ONE PLANE AND MAC IN ANOTHER HAVE DOWNED THREE OF THE ENEMY IN A SAVAGE DOG FIGHT... SUDDENLY A SWARM OF ENEMY PLANES APPEAR AND THE BOYS ATTEMPT TO RUN FOR IT...

I SMELL RAW GAS!! THAT SHELL TORE A FEED LINE ... WE CAN'T MAKE IT! CUT THE MOTORS!!

AGAIN THE BOYS ARE FORCED DOWN BEHIND ENEMY LINES.... WITH ONLY MINOR INJURIES THEY TAKE REFUGE IN A FOREST.....

WHAT'S THAT AHEAD?

A CAPTURED
CHATEAU, DAMAGED
BY SHELL FIRE,
SERVES AS
HEADQUARTERS
FOR THE
ENEMY
GENERAL STAFF....



WHOA! TWO OF THE
CARS ARE DRIVING
AWAY, LEAVING ONE
THERE.... I THINK
WE'VE STUMBLED INTO
SOMETHIN' BIG!



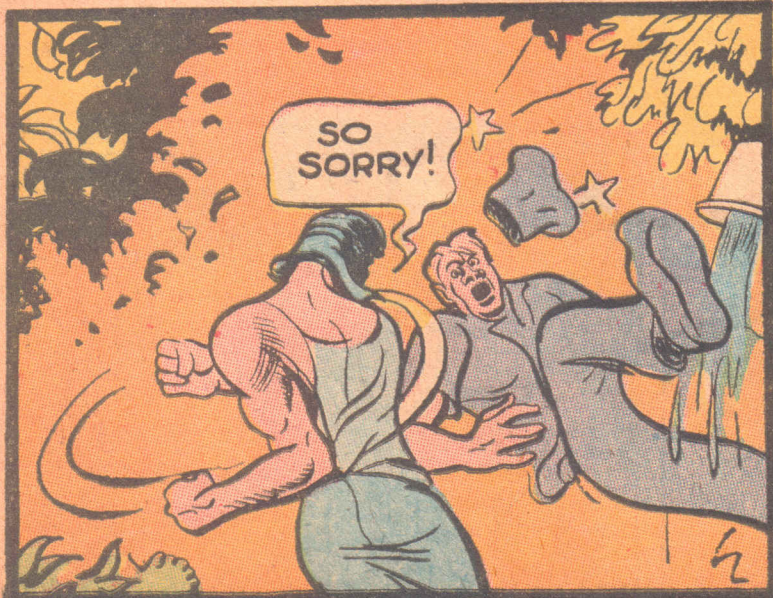
ONLY TWO
SENTRIES IN
SIGHT.... I CAN
SEE A GUY IN
A WHITE UNIFORM
IN THE BACK
YARD



THAT'S THE
BRASS HAT'S
COOK TAKING
MILK TO A
SPRING!!
I'VE GOT AN
IDEA!!
WAIT HERE!!



SO
SORRY!



JUST MY SIZE!!
WAIT TILL
SING AND
MAC SEE ME
IN THIS
MAKE-UP!!



THE SENTRY
GIVES RAY NO
HEED AS HE
MARCHES TO THE
KITCHEN....



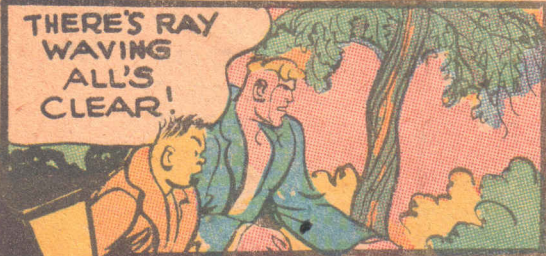
IF THAT LAD
COULD FLY LIKE
HE CAN COOK
THERE'D BE
NO STOPPING
HIM....



AS THE SENTRY
PASSES THE
WINDOW A
POKER DESCENDS
WIELDED BY THE
NEW COOK...



THERE'S RAY
WAVING
ALL'S
CLEAR!

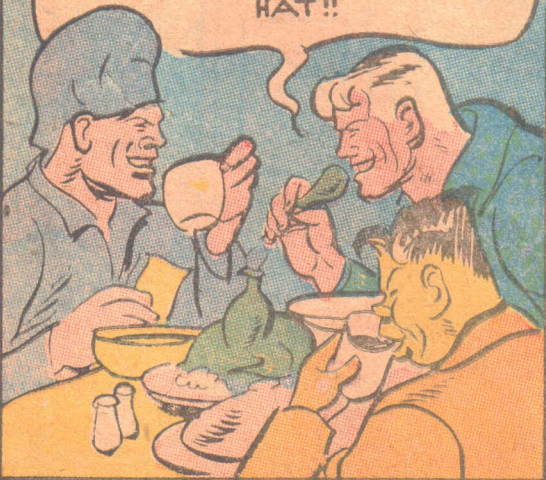


HANS, THIS DAY YOU HAVE
THE HONOR OF SHAVING THE
SUPREME COMMANDER OF ALL
DER BUTZKRIEGERS!!
SOME DAY, MAYBE, I GIVE
YOU AN AUTOGRAPHED COPY OF
MY BOOK.... FOR YOUR
POSTERITY!!



IN A CHAMBER ABOVE
THE CHIEF OF STAFF
RELAXES, UNAWARE
OF DANGER....

YOU'RE NOT AS DUMB
AS YOU LOOK,
MISTER! AFTER WE EAT
LET'S GO UP AND
THANK THE BRASS
HAT!!

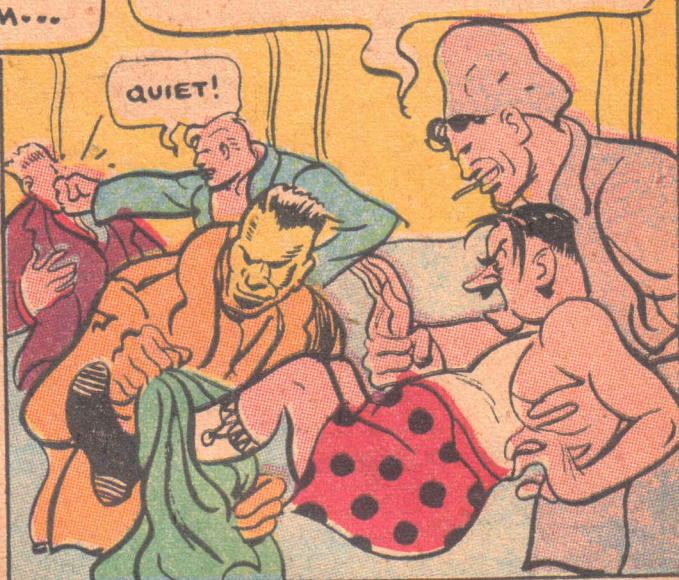
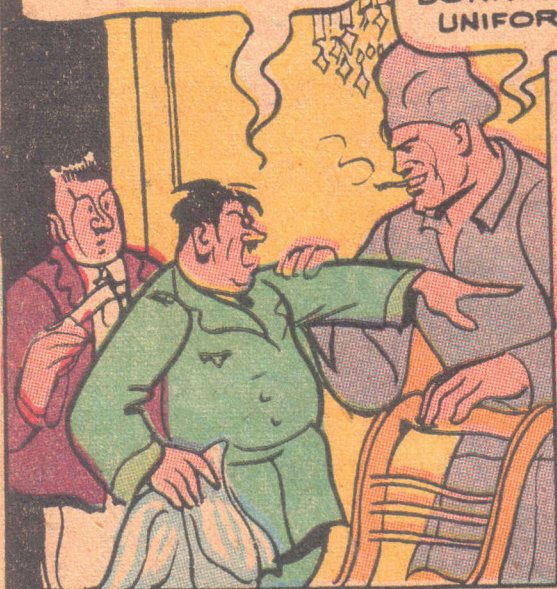


JA!

A COOK IN
MY CHAMBERS!!
OUTSIDE
STUPID DOLT!!

KEEP YOUR
HAIR ON,
CHUM...WE
WANT TO
BORROW THAT
UNIFORM...

WE CAN'T LET THIS
PRETZEL BENDER WASTE
OUR TIMETICKLE
HIS FEET A LITTLE
SING.....



WE'D NEVER GET
OVER THE SWISS
BORDER WITH
YOU IN THAT
MAKE-UP...YOU
JUST DON'T
LOOK THE
PART....!

SWELL!
NOW YOU'RE
A CHINESE
AMBASSADOR
WE'RE YOUR
CHAUFFEUR
AND BODY
GUARD

HOP IN THERE
YOUR EXCELLENCY
AND DON'T BE
ALL DAY
ABOUT
IT!!



**AN INSTANT
LATER
THE POWERFUL
MOTOR
ROARS
THROUGH THE
WOODED
LANE
TOWARD THE
HIGHWAY...
THE BOYS
ARE WELL
AWARE THAT
THEIR
DARING PLAN
WILL BRING
DEATH IF
IT FAILS..**

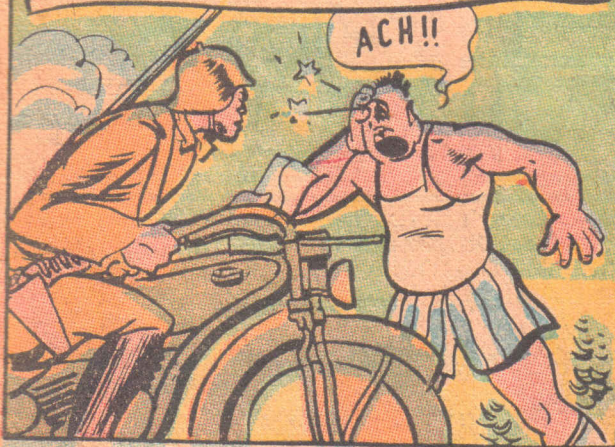
**I RIPPED OUT THE
PHONES BEFORE WE
TOOK OFF, AND WITH ANY
LUCK WE MAY GAIN
TWENTY MINUTES!!**

**IT HAS BEEN WISELY
WRITTEN THAT IN
SHALLOW WATERS THE
DRAGON BECOMES THE
JOKE OF SHRIMPS**

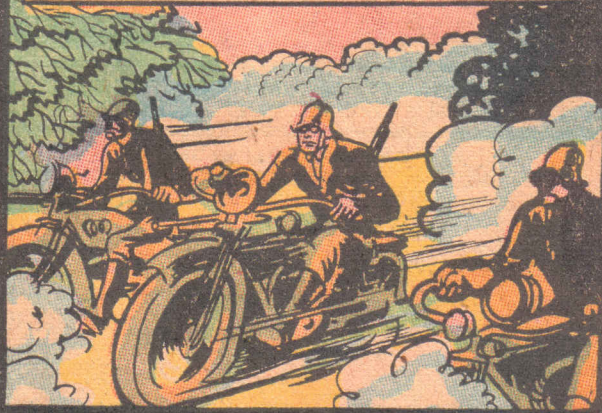


**A FEW MOMENTS LATER
A DESPATCH BEARER LEARNS
OF THE UNUSUAL RAID BY
ENEMY AIR MEN....**

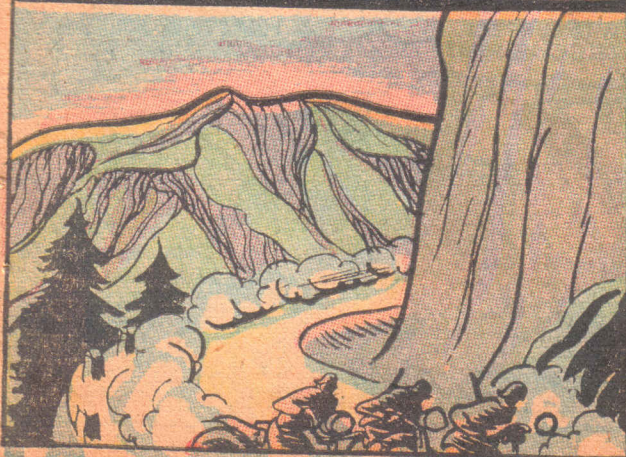
ACH!!



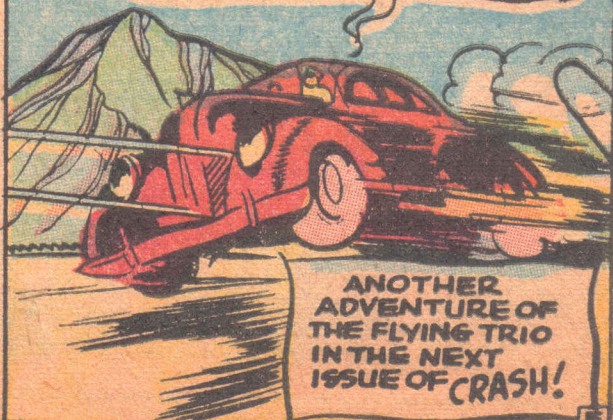
**A MOTOR PATROL BRISTLING
WITH MACHINE GUNS
SPRINGS INTO ACTION...THEY
KNOW THEIR QUARRY IS NOT
FAR AHEAD.....**



**THE GRIM RACE IS ON...
KNOWING THE TERRAIN
THE MOUNTED SQUAD IS
GAINING, GAINING....**



**YOW!... MADE IT!!!
THAT POST MEANS
EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS
TO THE BORDER!!**



**ANOTHER
ADVENTURE OF
THE FLYING TRIO
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF CRASH!**

THE BLUE STREAK

THE DEFENDER OF THE PEOPLE

THE BLUE STREAK MOVES TO FREE MEN OF IMPORTANCE, AND TO SAVE THEM FROM DEATH SENTENCES PASSED BY CRUEL DICTATORS AND DESPOTS. SINCE THEIR AIM IS TO DESTROY MEN OF ABILITY AND BRILLIANCE THE BLUE STREAK HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO THWART EVERY ONE OF THEIR ATTEMPTS.

SPECIAL BULLETIN: THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM BY SHORT-WAVE LEARNED TO-DAY THAT ADMIRAL SWAN, THE INTREPID EXPLORER, HAS NOT COMMUNICATED WITH HIS BASE DURING THE LAST FORTY-EIGHT HOURS! AND NOW WE CONTINUE WITH OUR MUSICAL PROGRAM!



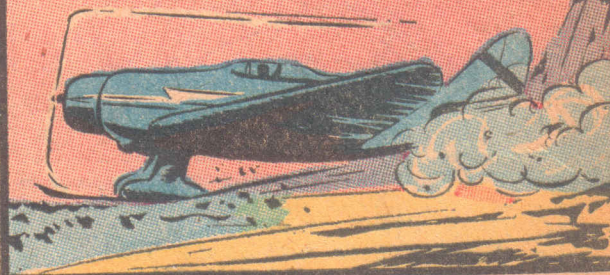
IN HIS DISTINCTIVE UNIFORM THE BLUE STREAK ARRIVES AT THE AIRPORT



I SMELL TROUBLE TAGO, CALL THE AIRPORT. TELL THEM TO HAVE MY PLANE PREPARED FOR A LONG FLIGHT AT ONCE AND INSTRUCT THEM TO ATTACH SKIS TO THE LANDING GEAR!



TWO DAYS LATER THE CRAFT OF THE BLUE STREAK REACHES ITS DESTINATION IN THE ANTARCTIC



HE PROCEEDS AT ONCE TO CAMP #2 OF ADMIRAL SWAN!

I HAVE COME TO OFFER MY ASSISTANCE GENTLEMEN!



IT IS USELESS! ADMIRAL SWAN SET OUT A MONTH AGO TO ESTABLISH CAMP ONE AND DURING THE LAST TWO DAYS HE HAS NOT BEEN IN TOUCH WITH US!

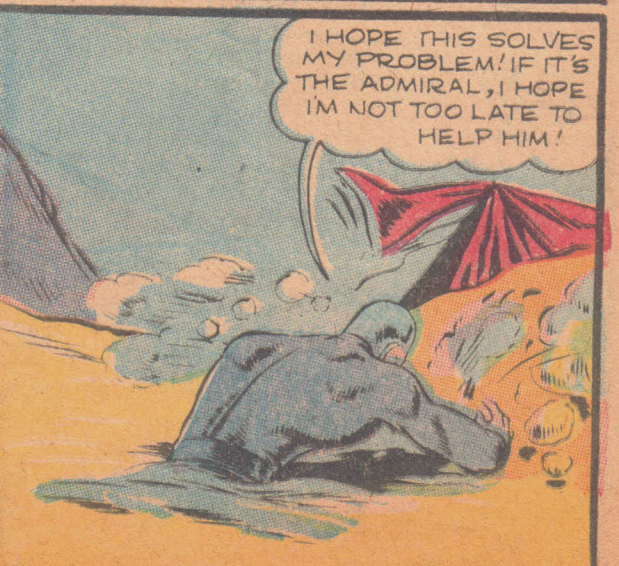
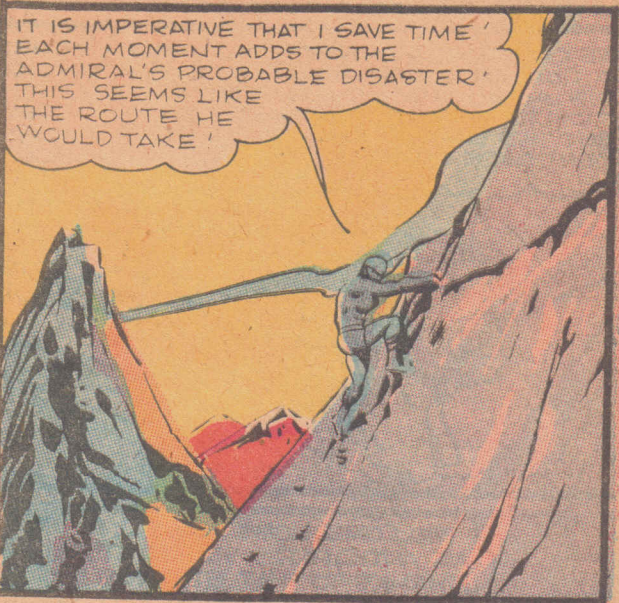
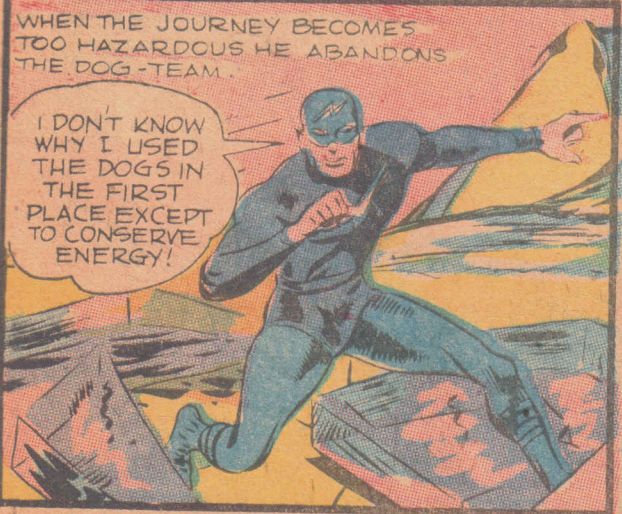
THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING! THE ADMIRAL IS DEAD!

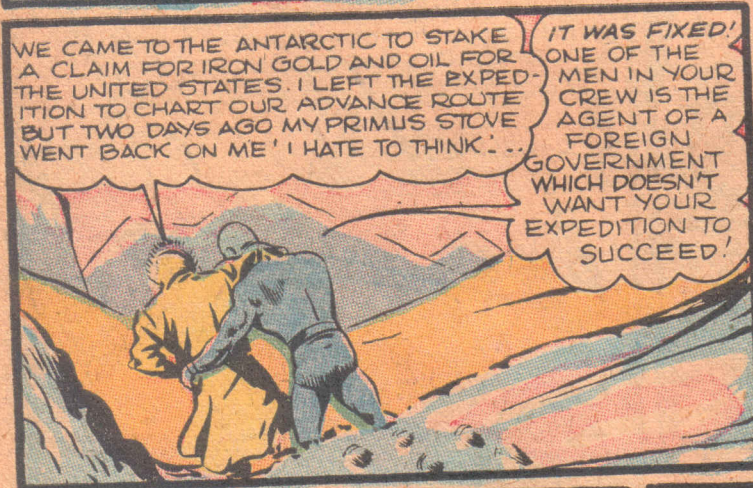
NEVERTHELESS, I SHALL ATTEMPT TO RESCUE HIM!

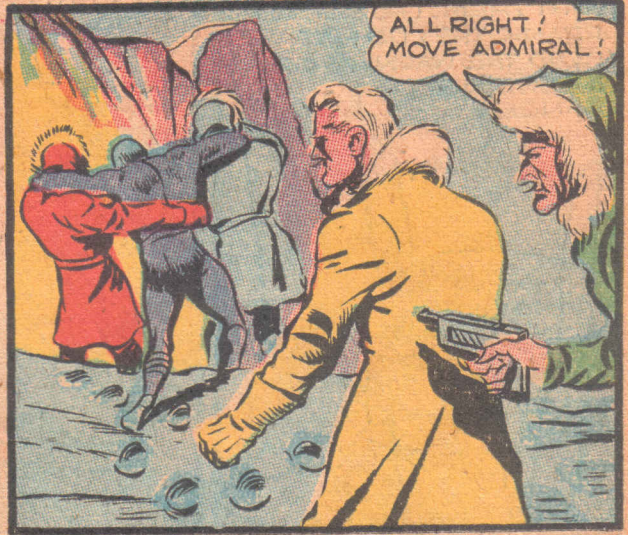
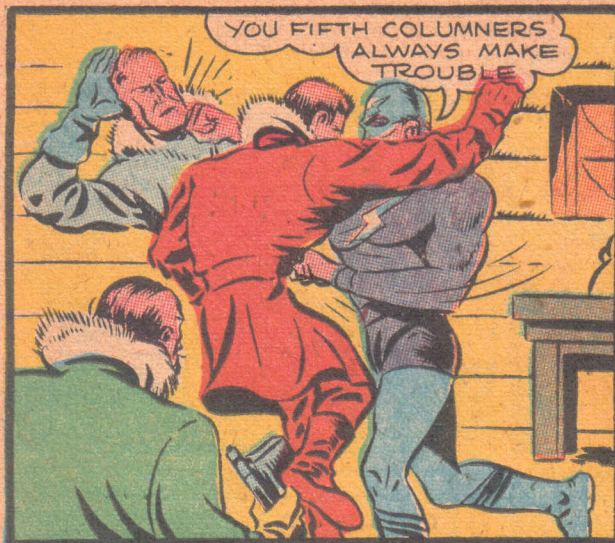
IF YOU CAN FIND HIM! THE JOURNEY TOWARD THE POLE IS PERILOUS!

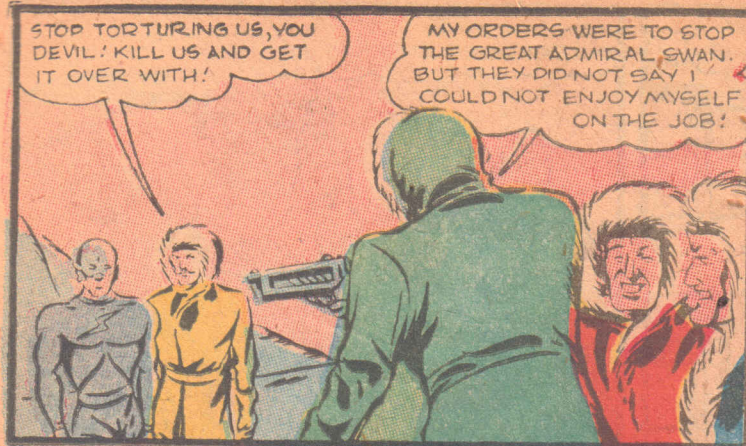


I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE! HERE IS A MAP THAT MAY HELP YOU!



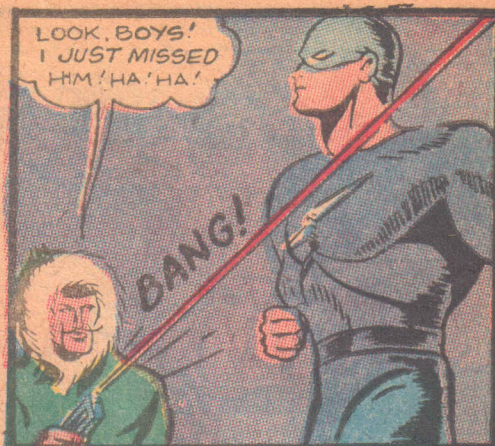






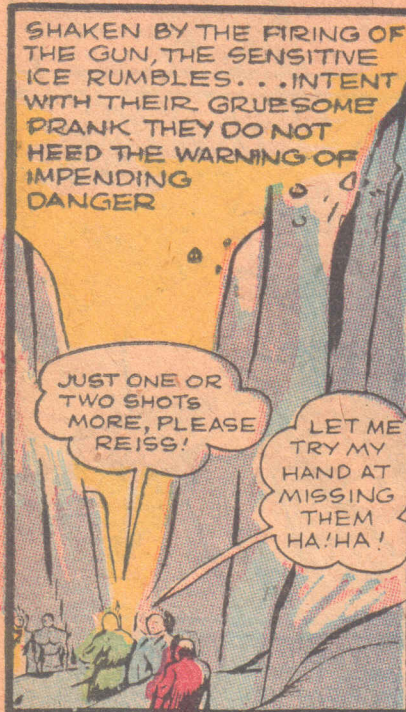
STOP TORTURING US, YOU DEVIL! KILL US AND GET IT OVER WITH!

MY ORDERS WERE TO STOP THE GREAT ADMIRAL SWAN. BUT THEY DID NOT SAY I COULD NOT ENJOY MYSELF ON THE JOB!



LOOK, BOYS! I JUST MISSED HIM! HA! HA!

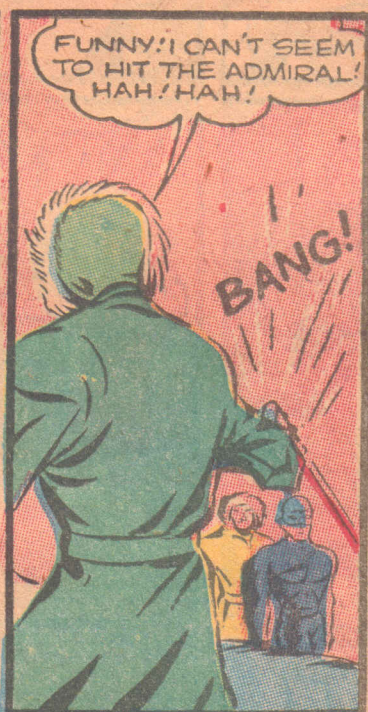
BANG!



SHAKEN BY THE FIRING OF THE GUN, THE SENSITIVE ICE RUMBLES... INTENT WITH THEIR GRUESOME PRANK, THEY DO NOT HEED THE WARNING OF IMPENDING DANGER

JUST ONE OR TWO SHOTS MORE, PLEASE REISS!

LET ME TRY MY HAND AT MISSING THEM HA! HA!



FUNNY! I CAN'T SEEM TO HIT THE ADMIRAL! HAH! HAH!

BANG!

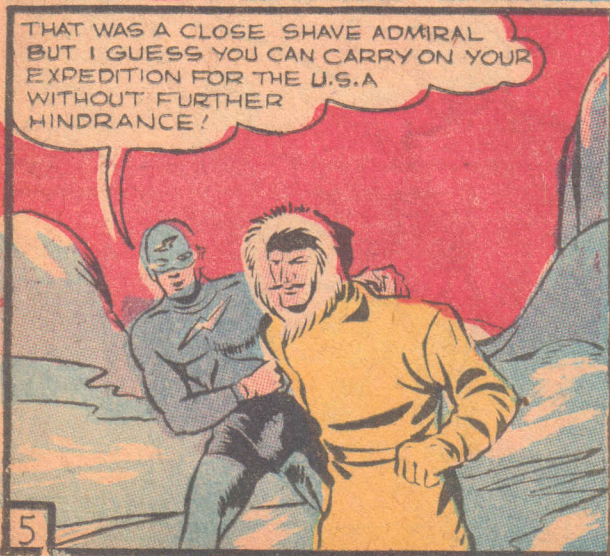


SUDDENLY A CRASH!... TONS OF ICE... A MOUNTAIN OF SNOW HURTTLES DOWN CATCHING REISS AND HIS ACCOMPANCES IN IT'S PATH

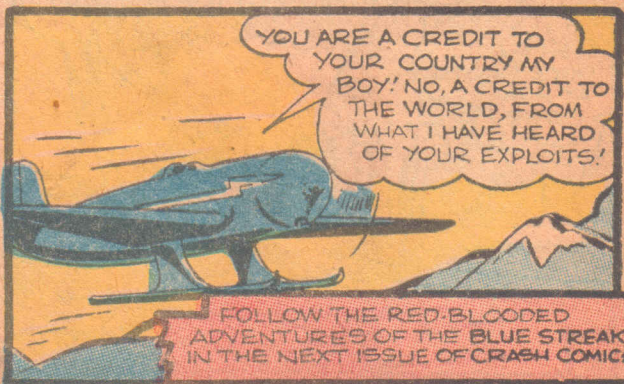
CRASH!

HELP!

OHhhh!



THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE ADMIRAL BUT I GUESS YOU CAN CARRY ON YOUR EXPEDITION FOR THE U.S.A WITHOUT FURTHER HINDRANCE!



YOU ARE A CREDIT TO YOUR COUNTRY MY BOY! NO, A CREDIT TO THE WORLD, FROM WHAT I HAVE HEARD OF YOUR EXPLOITS!

FOLLOW THE RED-BLOODED ADVENTURES OF THE BLUE STREAK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS



SHROOKED IN ANONYMITY, Z-2 IS THE COUNTRY'S FOREMOST SECRET AGENT. HIS NAME NEVER IS DISCLOSED, FOR REVEALING THIS MIGHT RESULT IN HARM UPON HIS FAMILY AND CLOSE FRIENDS.



Z-2! YOU ARE FACED WITH ONE OF THE TWO MOST DIFFICULT TASKS OF YOUR CAREER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT RING OF NARCOTIC THIEVES!



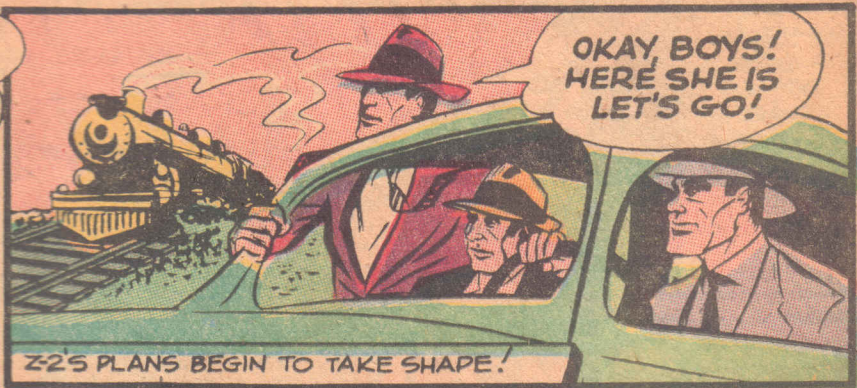
EVERY AGENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT HAS FAILED TO APPREHEND THEM. THE TRUCKS CARRYING THE CRATES ARE GUARDED, BUT THAT GANG ALWAYS HAS A NEW TRICK!

WHEN IS THE NEW SHIPMENT EXPECTED FROM THE WEST?



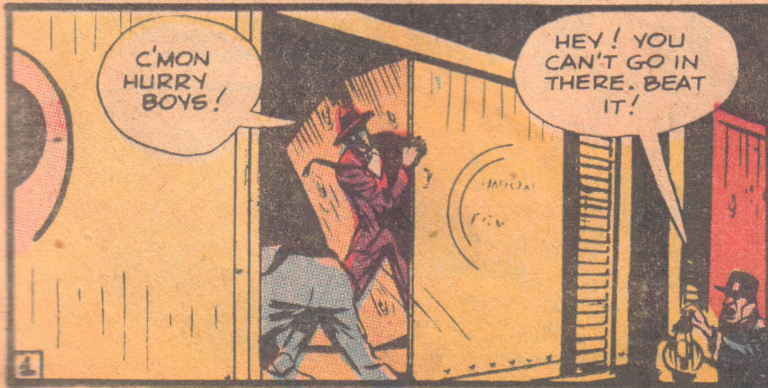
AT SIX—HAMMON JUNCTION! GOT ANY PLANS, Z-2?

PERHAPS, INSPECTOR, BUT I'D LIKE TWO TRUSTED MEN TO ACCOMPANY ME—AND A KIT OF TOOLS!



OKAY, BOYS! HERE SHE IS! LET'S GO!

Z-2'S PLANS BEGIN TO TAKE SHAPE!



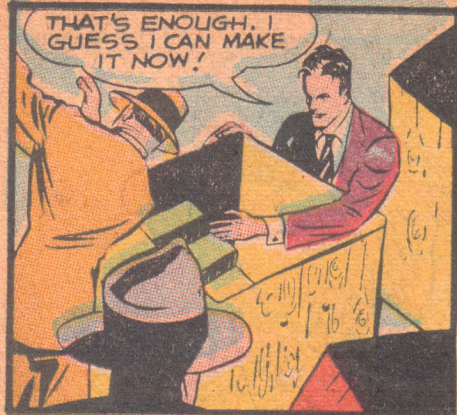
C'MON HURRY BOYS!

HEY! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE. BEAT IT!



IT'S ALL RIGHT OFFICER. THIS IS OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT BUSINESS!

OH! I'M SORRY SIR—!



THAT'S ENOUGH. I GUESS I CAN MAKE IT NOW!



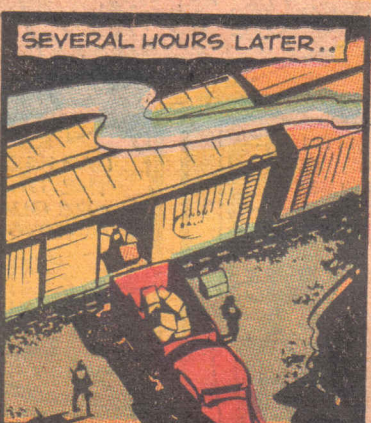
OKAY, I'M AS SNUG AS A BUG IN A RUG - NOW WISH ME LUCK AND NAIL ME DOWN!



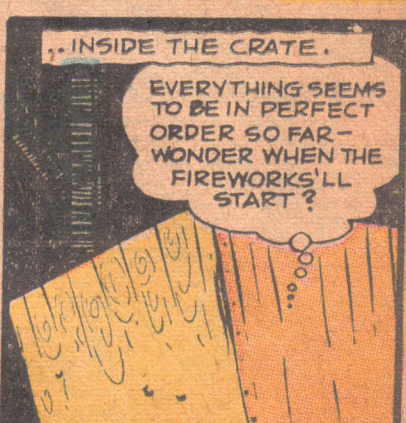
THE TRAIN PULLS OUT, AND Z-2'S AIDES LEAVE



BOY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S UP TO, BUT IT MUST BE AWFUL RISKY!

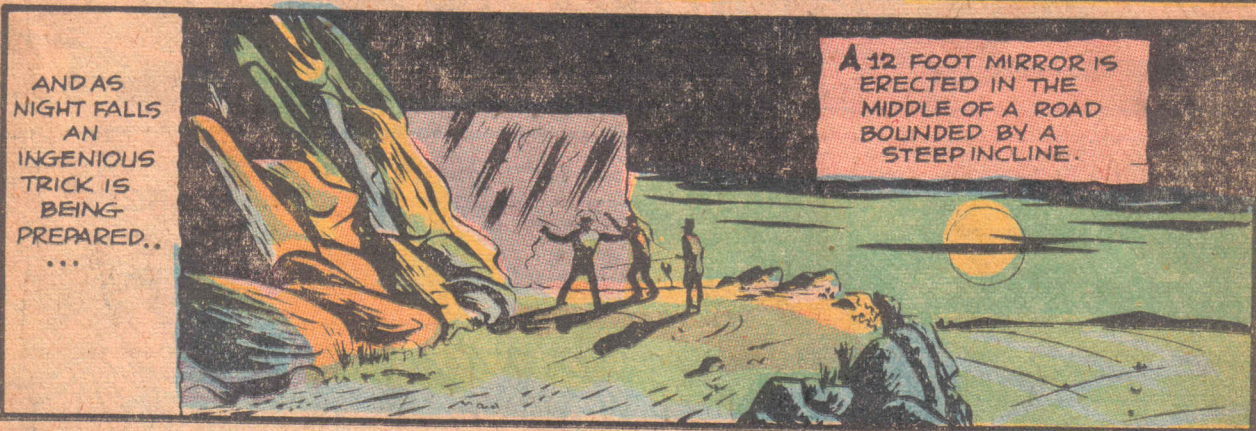


SEVERAL HOURS LATER..



..INSIDE THE CRATE.

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN PERFECT ORDER SO FAR - WONDER WHEN THE FIREWORKS'LL START?

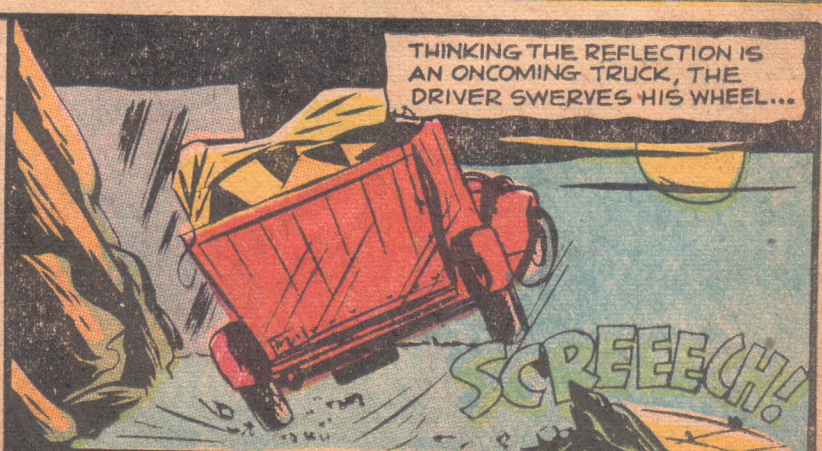


AND AS NIGHT FALLS AN INGENIOUS TRICK IS BEING PREPARED..

A 12 FOOT MIRROR IS ERECTED IN THE MIDDLE OF A ROAD BOUNDED BY A STEEP INCLINE.



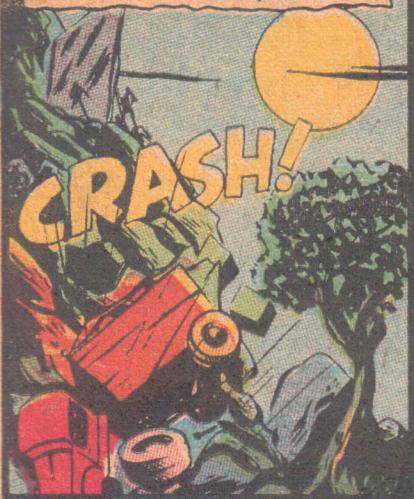
I HEAR IT COMING! TELL THE MEN TO HIDE!



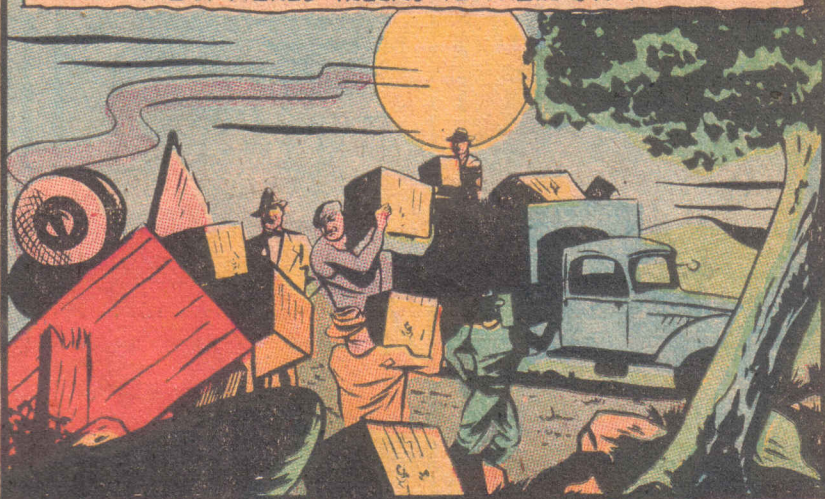
THINKING THE REFLECTION IS AN ONCOMING TRUCK, THE DRIVER SWERVES HIS WHEEL...

SCREEECH!

...AND CRASHES OVER
THE CLIFF!



THE MEN THEN PROCEED TO TRANSFER THE CRATES
FROM THE BATTERED TRUCKS TO THEIR OWN.



THAT KEROSENE TAKES
CARE OF THE EVIDENCE
VERY NICELY!



LATER

WELL, THAT'S THAT—NOW
WE HAVE TO GET RID
OF THE LOAD WE HI-
JACKED LAST WEEK!



Z-2 COMES OUT OF
HIDING!

WON'T THEY BE
SURPRISED BY THIS
JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

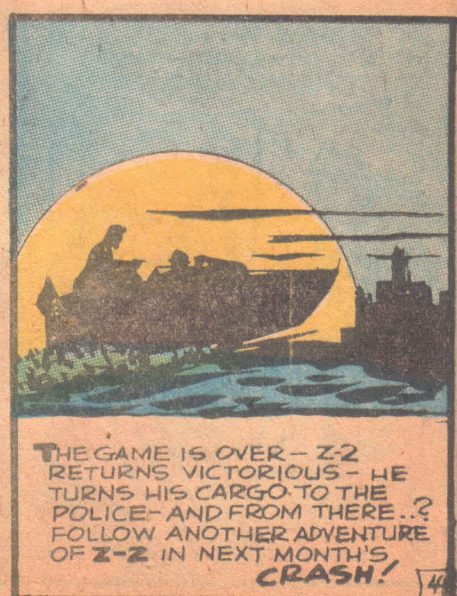
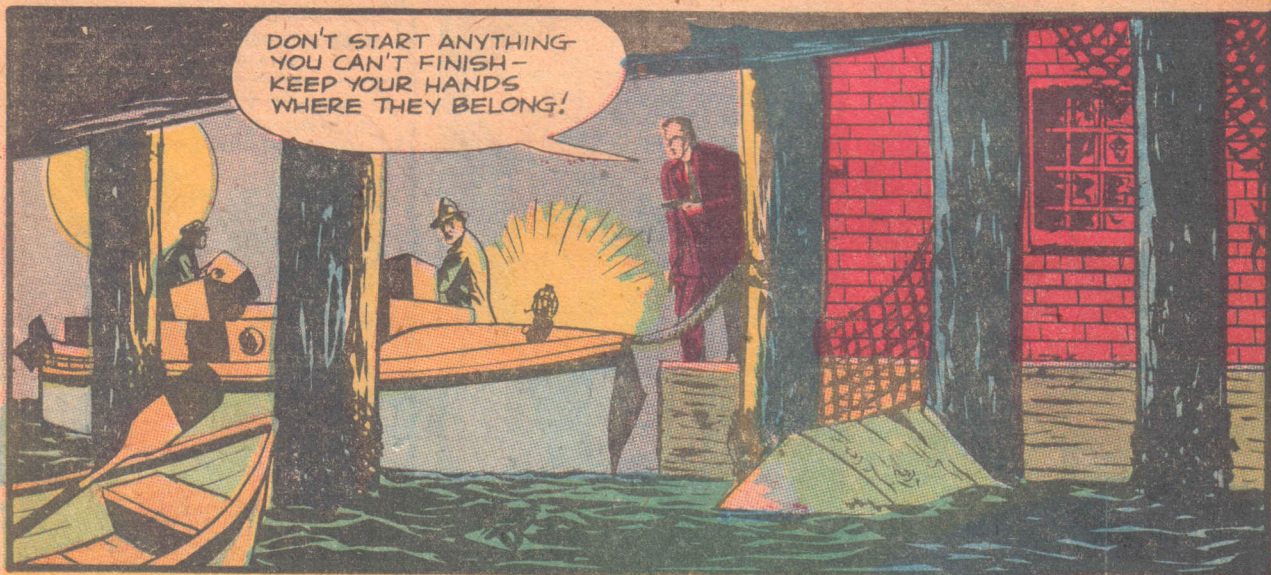
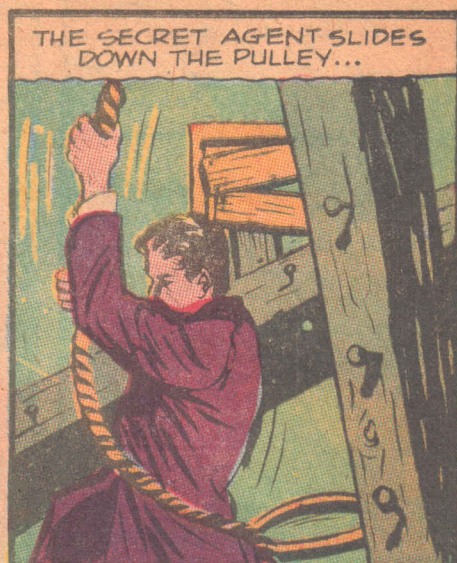


HERE'S THE LAST
OF THIS LOAD—THEN
YOU CAN SHOVE OFF!



REACH!





BOB PRESTON

EXPLORER



THE N.Y. MUSEUM OF CULTURAL HISTORY HAS COMMISSIONED YOUNG BOB PRESTON TO TRY TO LOCATE THE LONG-SOUGHT TOMB OF TUT SHAH -HI 'AMEN. ACCOMPANIED BY PROF. DALE OF THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, WHO IS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE EXPEDITION, BOB SAILS OVER THE WATERS OF THE ARABIAN SEA.

WELL PROFESSOR, HERE WE ARE AT RAS EL HADD. WE'LL HIRE A CREW OF NATIVES AND A STRING OF CAMELS, AND THEN—

AND THEN, THE DAHNA, OR AS THEY CALL IT HERE, THE RUB'AL KHALI DESERT!



OKAY AMMAN. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M HERE FOR. I'LL LET YOU TAKE CARE OF THE DETAILS. YOU'RE THE LEADER, I WANT TWELVE MEN AND FIFTEEN CAMELS!



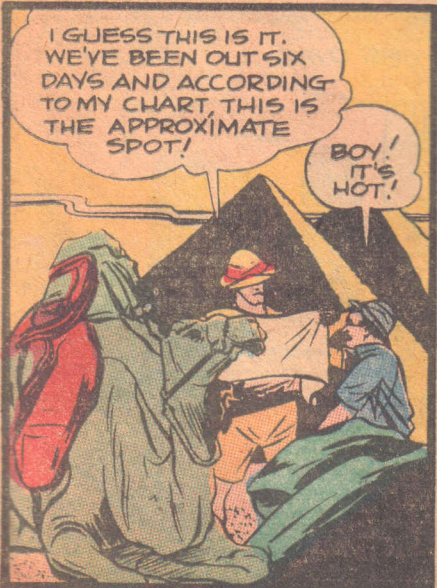
LATER BOB TALKS WITH THE NATIVE CHIEF.

TO AVOID THE HEAT OF THE DAY, THAT NIGHT THE CARAVAN GETS UNDER WAY.



I GUESS THIS IS IT. WE'VE BEEN OUT SIX DAYS AND ACCORDING TO MY CHART, THIS IS THE APPROXIMATE SPOT!

BOY! IT'S HOT!



THE NEXT DAY, WORK BEGINS....



ON THE THIRD DAY...

MASTER! COME QUICK, WE HAVE REACHED A TOMB!



BOB AND PROFESSOR DALE DESCEND INTO THE EXCAVATION.

WE'LL KNOW IN A FEW MINUTES WHETHER ALL THIS WORK WAS IN VAIN!



THESE HIEROGLYPHS SAY THIS IS THE TOMB OF... WAIT A MINUTE!

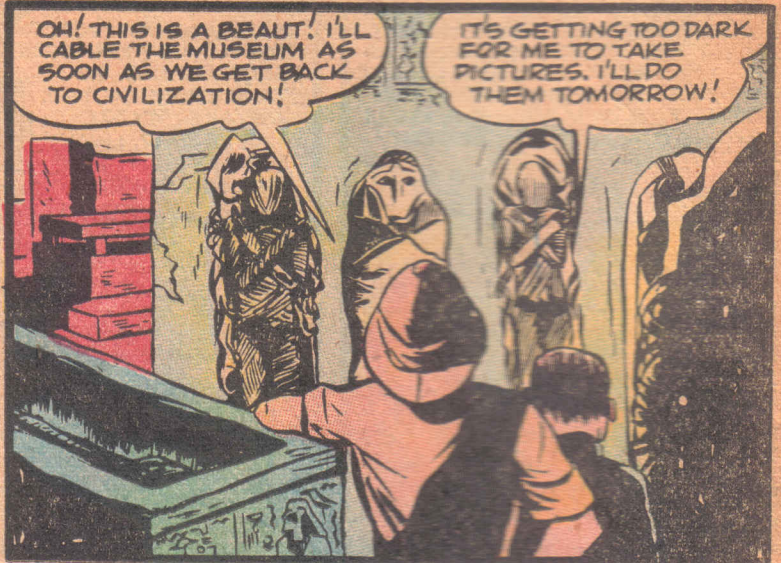


THIS IS IT! WE'RE RIGHT. IT'S THE TOMB OF OLD TUT SHA-HI'AMEN HIMSELF!



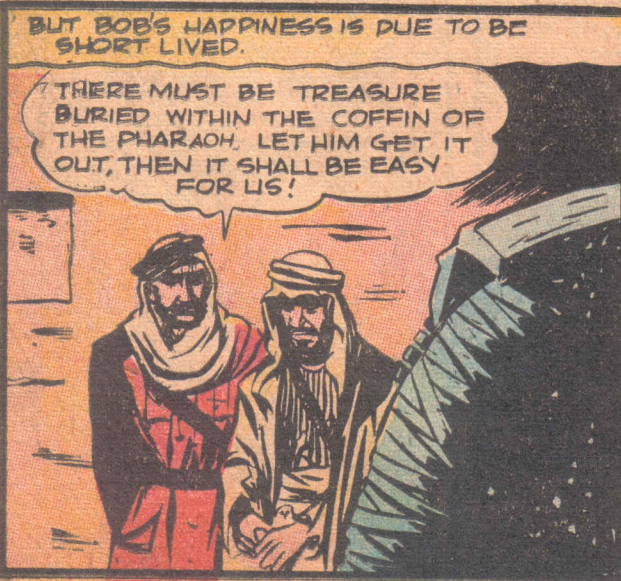
OH! THIS IS A BEAUT! I'LL CABLE THE MUSEUM AS SOON AS WE GET BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

IT'S GETTING TOO DARK FOR ME TO TAKE PICTURES. I'LL DO THEM TOMORROW!



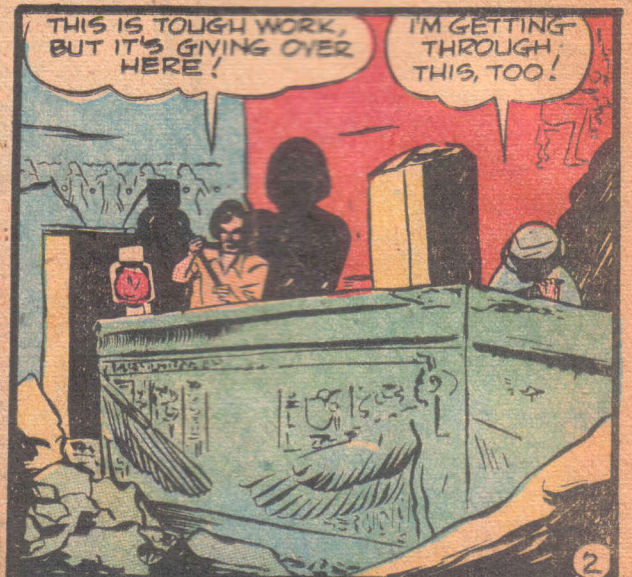
BUT BOB'S HAPPINESS IS DUE TO BE SHORT LIVED.

THERE MUST BE TREASURE BURIED WITHIN THE COFFIN OF THE PHARAOH. LET HIM GET IT OUT, THEN IT SHALL BE EASY FOR US!



THIS IS TOUGH WORK, BUT IT'S GIVING OVER HERE!

I'M GETTING THROUGH THIS, TOO!



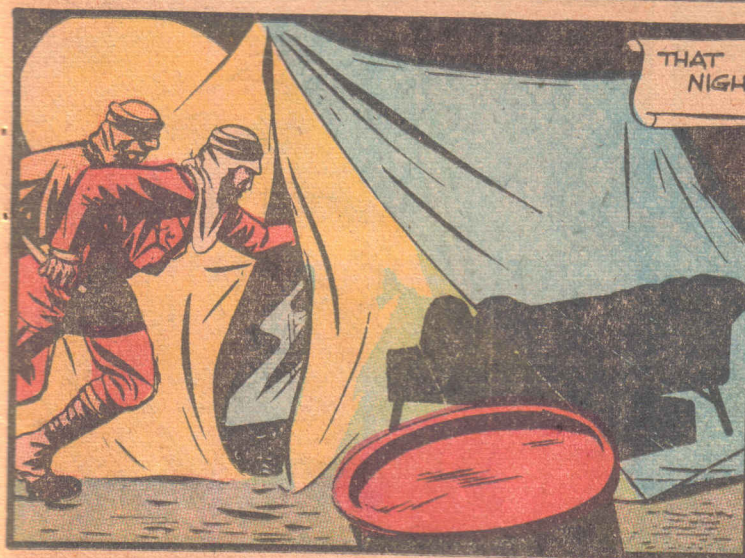
RUBIES, EMERALDS, DIAMONDS
AND ORNAMENTS, PROFESSOR, I
CAN HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYES

THIS IS
RARE WEALTH,
INDEED!

-THE TOMB OF SHA-HI'AMEN!

I'VE GOT IT ALL HERE.
I'M TAKING NO CHANCES,
I'M GOING TO SLEEP
WITH THIS UNDER MY
PILLOW!

I HOPE WE'RE SAFE
AS WELL AS THE JEWELS.
WE'VE GOT A SHIFTY
LOOKING CREW
WORKING FOR US!



QUICK!
UNDER THE PILLOW!

YOU WON'T FIND ANYTHING
THERE! YOU STABBED A
MUMMY I BROUGHT FROM
THE TOMB, AMMAN!

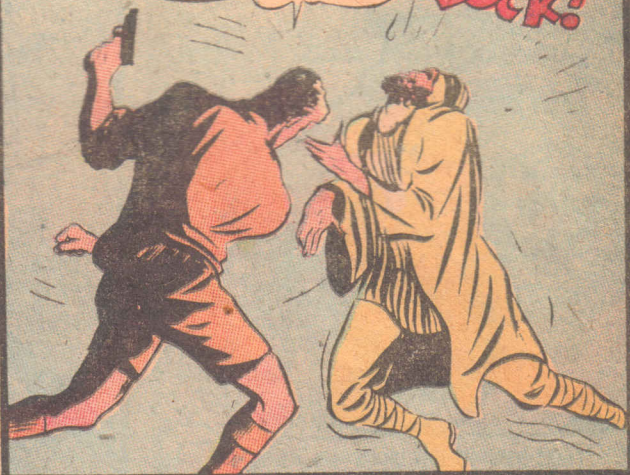
- AMMAN RUSHES BOB WITH HIS DAGGER, BUT ----

NO, YOU DON'T!



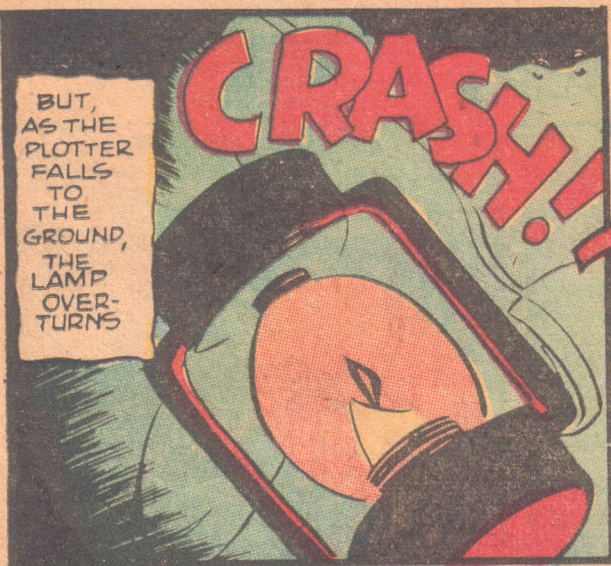
DON'T THINK I'M OVERLOOKING YOU!

SOCK!

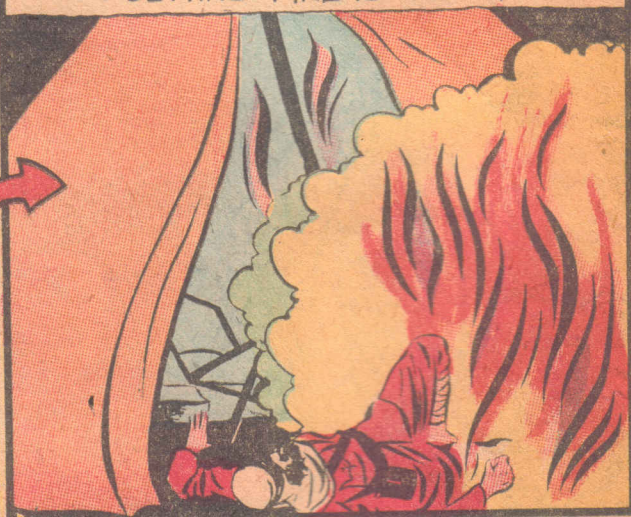


BUT, AS THE PLOTTER FALLS TO THE GROUND, THE LAMP OVER-TURNS

CRASH!!



... SETTING FIRE TO THE TENT



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET OFF AS EASILY AS THAT!



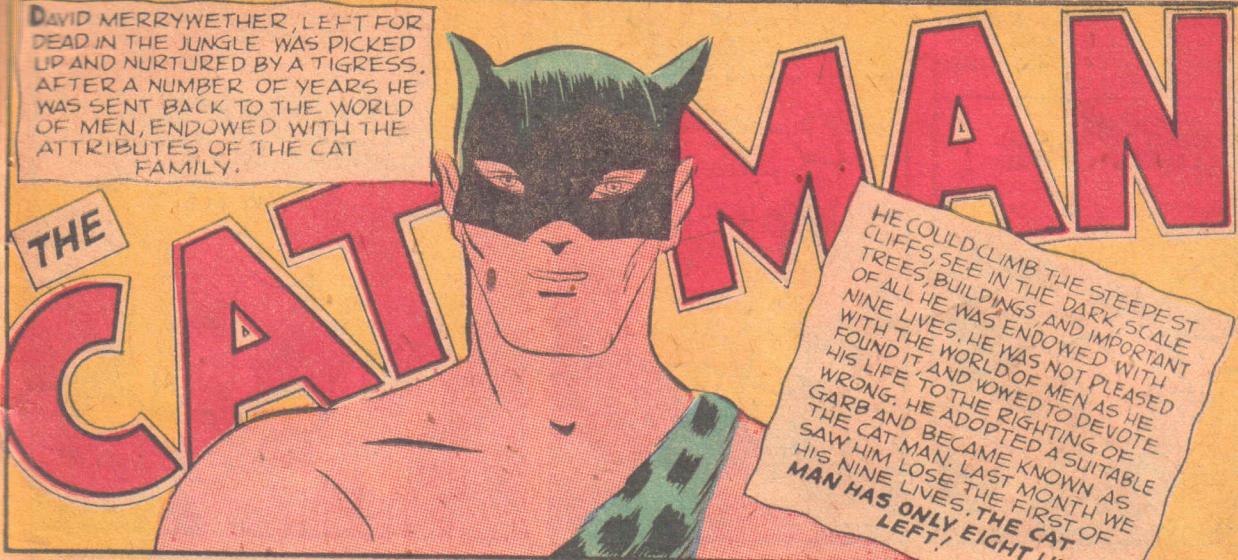
WELL BOB, WE'RE ALL READY TO START BACK!

WE'LL TURN AMMAN AND HIS FRIEND OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES-I'LL DEPOSIT THE POUCH AND RETURN LATER FOR THE SARCOPHAGUS!



ACCOMPANY EXPLORER BOB PRESTON IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE! LOOK FOR HIM IN **CRASH COMICS!**

DAVID MERRYWETHER, LEFT FOR DEAD IN THE JUNGLE WAS PICKED UP AND NURTURED BY A TIGRESS. AFTER A NUMBER OF YEARS HE WAS SENT BACK TO THE WORLD OF MEN, ENDOWED WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY.



HE COULD CLIMB THE STEEPEST CLIFFS, SEE IN THE DARK, SCALE TREES, BUILDINGS AND IMPORTANT OF ALL HE WAS ENDOWED WITH NINE LIVES. HE WAS NOT PLEASED WITH THE WORLD OF MEN AS HE FOUND IT AND VOWED TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO THE RIGHTING OF WRONGS. HE ADOPTED A SUITABLE GARB AND BECAME KNOWN AS THE CAT MAN. LAST MONTH WE SAW HIM LOSE THE FIRST OF HIS NINE LIVES. THE CAT MAN HAS ONLY EIGHT LIVES LEFT!

IN A CABIN AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF



HERR BLONKER, A FOREIGN SPY, IS FORGING PASSPORTS.

HA! BY THE THOUSANDS WE SMUGGLE IN OUR AGENTS WITH THESE FAKE PASSPORTS - AND THE SECRET SERVICE ARE GOING CRAZY, HA-HA!

OUR TRAPS MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE TO GET TO OUR HIDEOUT, THEY CAN NEVER FIND US - AND LIVE!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE

TWO THOUSAND SPIES CAME INTO THE COUNTRY LAST MONTH WITH SUCH PERFECTLY FORGED PASSPORTS, THE CUSTOM CLERKS ARE FOOLED. I KNOW THE FENCE IS IMPREGNABLE, TO BOMB IT WOULD DESTROY THE EVIDENCE. WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS ESPIONAGE!



DAVID MERRYWETHER READS ABOUT THE INFLUX OF SPIES.

DAILY ★ STAR
THOUSANDS OF SPIES ADMITTED WITH FORGED PASSPORTS

SECRET SERVICE BAFFLED



- AND LATER HE CALLS AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS

AND I'M SURE I CAN HANDLE IT IF YOU GIVE ME FREE REIGN CHIEF!

O.K. BUT I WARN YOU, A NUMBER OF MEN HAVE DIED IN THE ATTEMPT. YOU HAVE THE LOCATION! ... GOOD LUCK TO YOU! YOU'LL NEED IT!



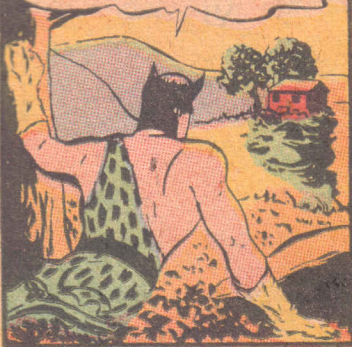
THEN DAVID CHANGES TO HIS CAT MAN OUTFIT

IF THE CHIEF ONLY KNEW THAT HIS NEW AGENT IS THE CAT MAN!



HALF A MILE FROM THE CABIN THE CATMAN CRAWLS ON HIS STOMACH TOWARDS HIS GOAL

I OUGHT TO BE DUE FOR SOME EXCITEMENT!



THEN SUDDENLY HE CRASHES THROUGH SOME BUSHES INTO A CAMOUFLAGED PIT

HMM, JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE FUN BEGINS!



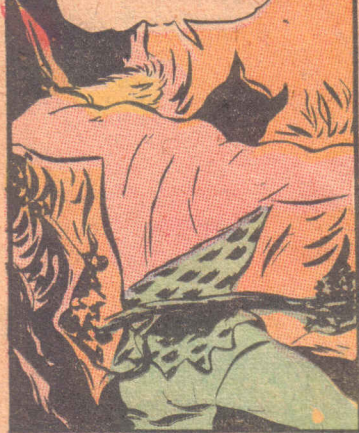
THE PIT IS TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP BUT THE CAT MAN LANDS ON HIS FEET IN TRUE FELINE MANNER

WOW! WHAT A DROP. IT KILLED ALL THESE OTHER POOR CHAPS THAT FELL IN HERE. NOW TO GET OUT!?



GRIPPING THE WALLS OF THE PIT WITH UNERRING FINGERS HE CLIMBS BACK TO THE SURFACE

WHAT NEXT I WONDER?!



AND TEN YARDS AWAY...!

GET THE TIGERS READY! SOME SUPER-HUMAN ESCAPED THAT PIT!

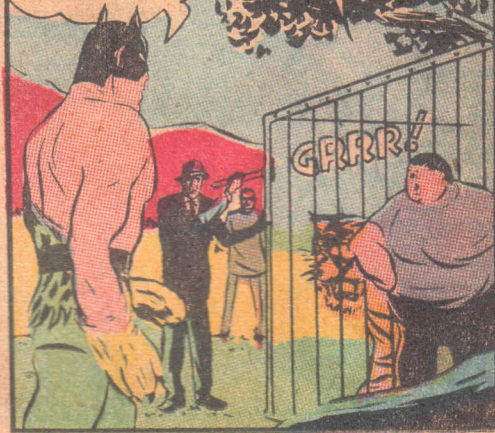
WE'RE READY FOR ANYONE - THESE TIGERS HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!



THE CATMAN REACHES THE TIGER BARRIER!

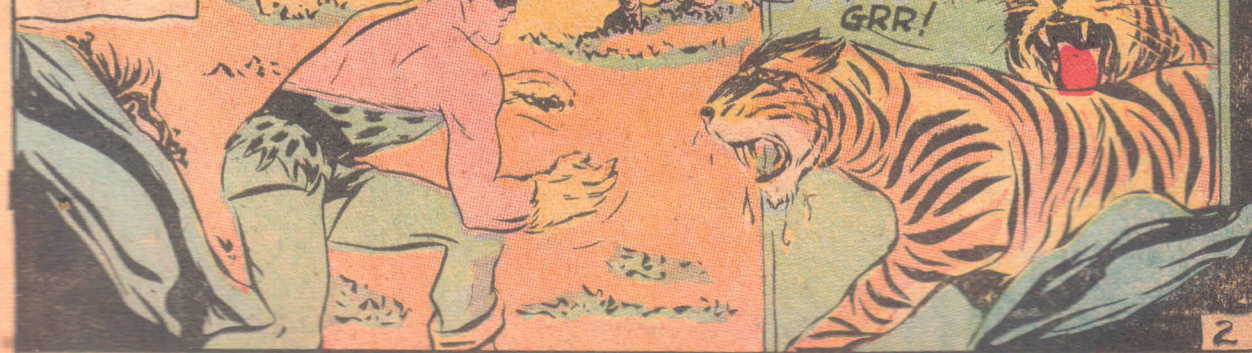
ARE YOU GENTLEMEN WAITING FOR ME BY ANY CHANCE!

OPEN THE CAGE BOYS. LET 'EM AT 'IM!



THE CAGE IS OPENED AND THE SNARLING TIGERS EMERGE, AS THE GUARDS RUN OUT OF SIGHT.

LOMAI TONGUAY SOOBI ROQUIL! (I AM YOUR BROTHER.)



THE HUNGRY TIGERS HALT AS THE CATMAN GREET'S THEM IN THEIR OWN TONGUE, AND LIE DOWN AT HIS FEET.

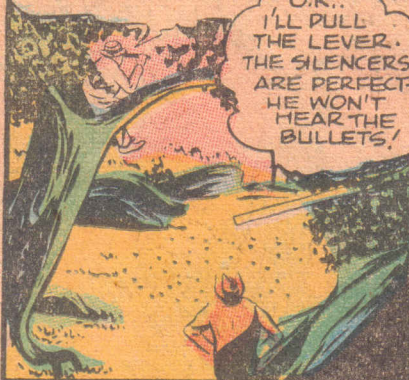
SILLY OF THEM TO THINK THAT TIGERS WOULD BOTHER ME!



AT THE THIRD TRAP!

SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HAS HAPPENED. A MAN ENTERED THE TIGER TRAP AND THE HUNGRY BRUTES ARE LYING AT HIS FEET! START THE BARRAGE!

O.K.! I'LL PULL THE LEVER. THE SILENCERS ARE PERFECT- HE WON'T HEAR THE BULLETS!



AS THE GUARD PULLS THE LEVER, AN UPWARD BURST OF SILENT BULLETS EMERGE FROM THE GROUND.

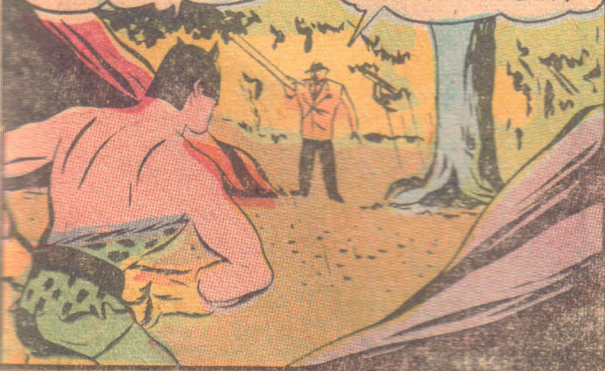
NO ONE EVER GOT THIS FAR! THIS'LL FIX HIM!



BUT THE CATMAN'S SUPER-KEEN EARS CATCH THE SWISH OF THE BULLETS AS THEY CLEAR THE AIR-

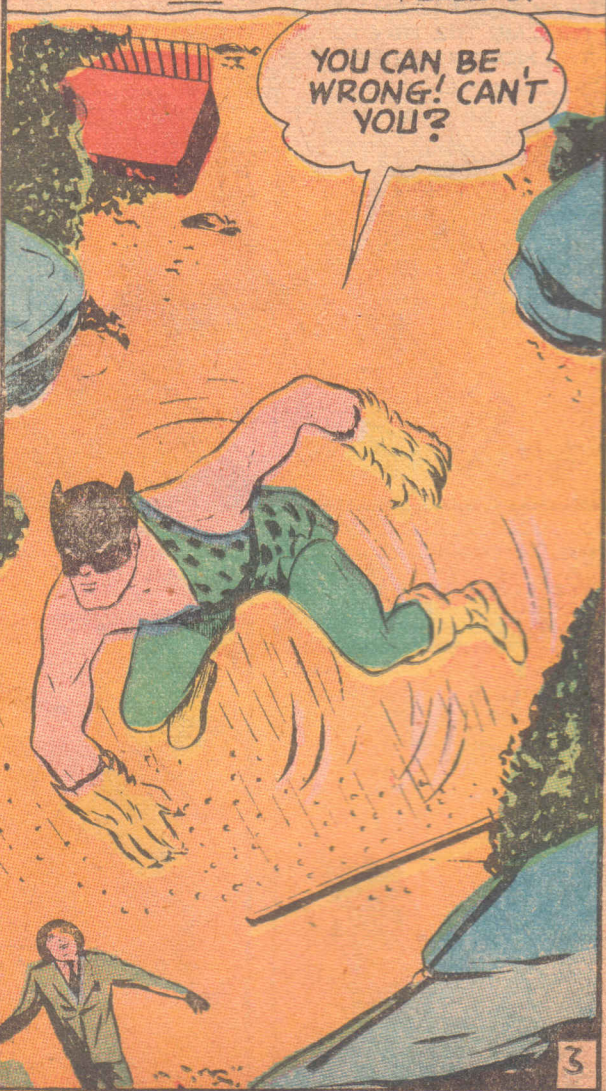
VERY CLEVER! I SUPPOSE I WAS TO WALK RIGHT INTO THAT RAIN OF DEATH!

YOU'LL EITHER WALK THROUGH IT, OR TURN BACK. IT'S DEATH EITHER WAY! SMART GUY!



-AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, CATMAN RISES ABOVE THE RAIN OF DEADLY PELLETS!

YOU CAN BE WRONG! CAN'T YOU?

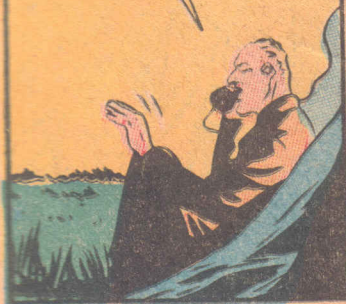


MIGOSH! HE JUMPED THE BULLETS! WIRE THE NEXT TRAP- THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE US!



THE NEWS IS RECEIVED AT THE NEXT TRAP

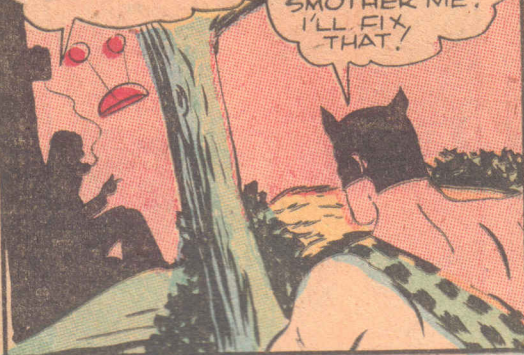
YOU SAY HE JUMPED OVER THE BULLETS? YOU'RE CRAZY! I'LL REPORT YOU TO HERR BLONKER! YOU MUST BE DRUNK!



THE CATMAN COMES NOISELESSLY UPON THE SCENE AND NOTICES AN OBJECT SUSPENDED IN THE AIR...

NO, I WILL NOT LOOK OUT FOR A MAN LIKE A CAT - IF YOU MAKE JOKE, I SEE YOU GET FIRED!

HMM! THE SPHERE IS SUPPOSED TO DROD OVER MY HEAD AND SMOTHER ME. I'LL FIX THAT!



AS THE GUARD SPEAKS, THE CAT MAN FIRES HIS NOISELESS POWER-GUN THROUGH THE SPHERE.

THAT BULLET HOLE WILL VENTILATE THE THING - NOW FOR SOME FUN!

CLICK!

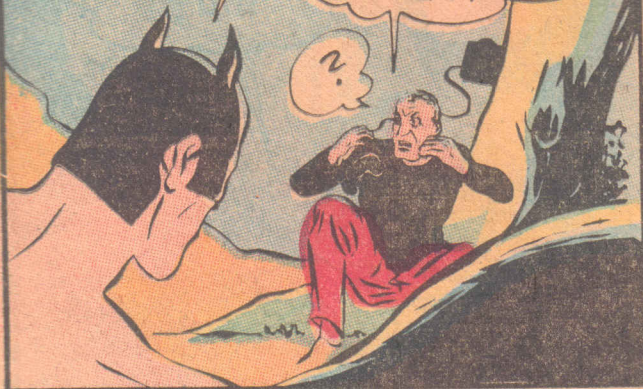


THE CAT MAN MAKES HIS PRESENCE KNOWN

I SAY, BUDDY, CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO THE NORTH POLE?

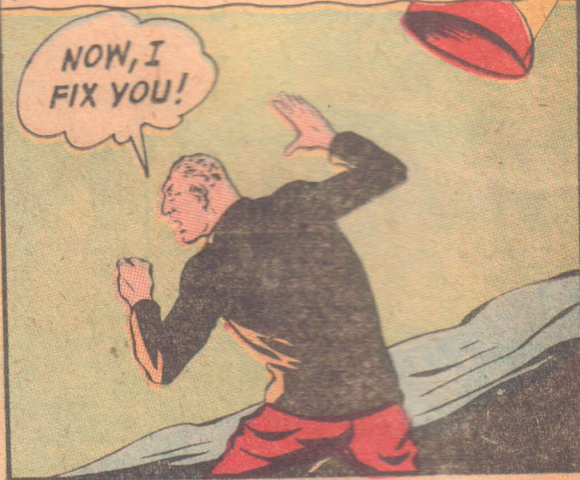
ACH HIMMEL! HE WASN'T FOOLING - A MAN LIKE A CAT! I DROP THE SMOTHER-SPHERE ON HIS HEAD!

?



THE SMOTHER SPHERE, SUSPENDED BY LIGHT RAYS IS DROPPED BY THE GUARD WHO WAVES HIS ARM, BREAKING THE BEAM.

NOW, I FIX YOU!



THE SPHERE STARTS TO FALL AND AS THE GUARD ATTEMPTS TO GET OUT OF THE RANGE, THE CAT MAN GRABS HIM.

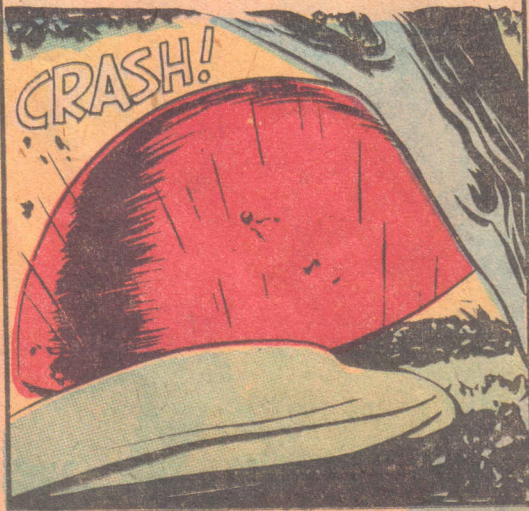
LET ME GO! I'LL SMOTHER!

WHAT'S GOOD FOR ONE - HA! HA!



THE SMOTHER-SPHERE FALLS AND ENGULFS THE GUARD AND THE CAT-MAN!

CRASH!



INSIDE THE SPHERE THE ONLY LIGHT COMES FROM THE CAT MAN'S EYES AS HE QUICKLY COVERS THE BULLET HOLE WITH HIS PALM.

WE DIE IN AN HOUR AFTER THE AIR IS USED UP. NO AIR CAN PENETRATE IN HERE - ACH! EYES LIKE ELECTRIC, LIGHT!

I CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE IF YOU'LL TALK..



AT FIRST THE GUARD REFUSES TO TELL HERR BLONKERS SECRET.

I NEFFER TALK, I TELL YOU NOTHING, WE DIE ANYHOW!



- BUT SOON HE OPENS UP

IF YOU TALK I PROMISE YOU SHALL LIVE!

ALL RIGHT, I TALK! MY BREATH, IT GOES -

HERR BLONKER WHO EVERYBODY THINKS IS A SMALL TAILOR IN CITY MAKES FORGED PASSPORTS. HE IS AN AGENT OF MY GOVERNMENT - (GASP)



THE CATMAN REMOVES HIS HAND FROM THE BULLET HOLE!

THAT'S GOOD TO KNOW - SEE! WE HAVE AIR!

BLONKER WILL KILL ME ANYWAY!

WHEW!



WITH HIS CAT LIKE HANDS THE CATMAN DIGS A TUNNEL IN THE GROUND SO HE CAN ESCAPE.

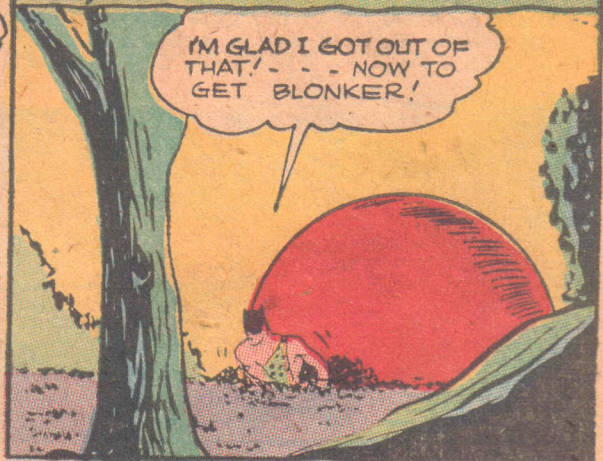
YOU MUST STAY HERE, I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

I MAY AS WELL, TO KEEP FROM GETTING BUMPED OFF FOR TALKING!



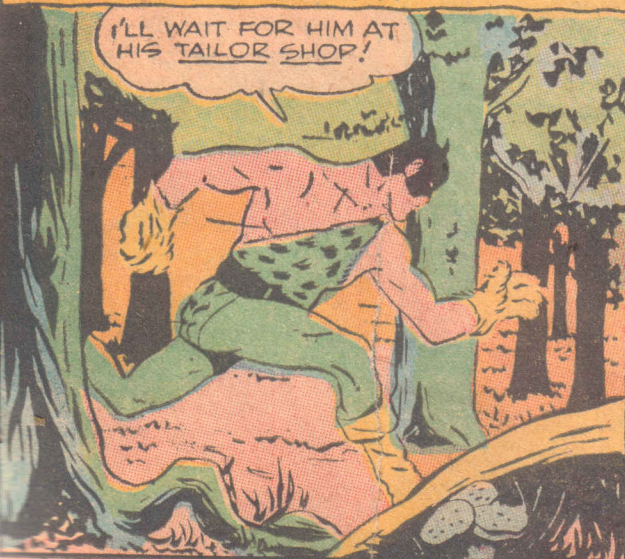
THE CATMAN LEAVES THE SPHERE AND QUICKLY COVERS THE OPENING HE HAS DUG, LEAVING THE GUARD IMPRISONED.

I'M GLAD I GOT OUT OF THAT. - - - NOW TO GET BLONKER!



- MAKING A WIDE DETOUR, THE CATMAN STARTS BACK TO THE CITY!

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM AT HIS TAILOR SHOP!



MEANWHILE, TWO OF HERR BLONKERS MEN APPROACH THE SMOTHER-SPHERE

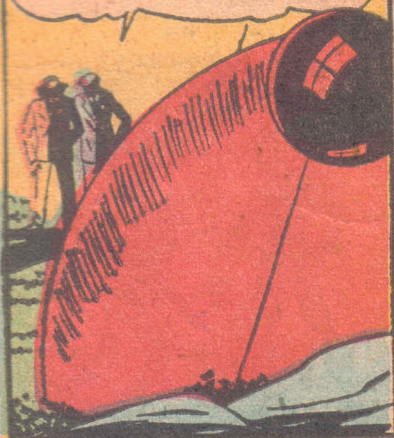
HMPH! THE FOOL WOULDN'T BELIEVE US! NOW HE'S IN THERE WITH THAT MAN LIKE A CAT!

LET'S RAISE THE SPHERE AND TAKE OUT THE BODIES!



THEY ATTACH SEVERAL BALLOONS AND THE SPHERE RISES.

NOW WE SEE THIS CAT MAN STRECHED OUT!



THEY ARE BOTH AMAZED

HE IS NOT HERE!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE GOT
AWAY AND
MADE ME TELL
HIM ALL ABOUT
BLONKER. HE
MUST NOT GET
BACK TO THE
CITY!



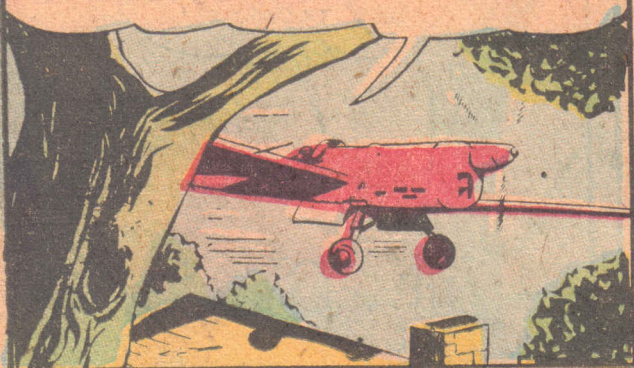
THE NEWS IS REPORTED TO
HERR BLONKER BACK IN
THE CABIN.

MAN LIKE A CAT? HE GOT
AWAY? KNOWS MY SECRET?
I'LL CATCH HIM MYSELF—
YOU IDIOTS CANNOT BE
TRUSTED!



HERR BLONKER SETS OFF IN A PLANE TO OVER
TAKE THE CAT MAN!

I MUST GET HIM BEFORE HE RETURNS!
I HAVE INCRIMINATING PAPERS IN MY TAILOR
SHOP WHICH NO ONE MUST SEE! IF HE
ESCAPES I DARE NOT RETURN TO THE SHOP!



MEANWHILE, WITH THE SPEED OF A TIGER
THE CAT-MAN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS
THE CITY.

I'VE GOT TO SEARCH BLONKER'S SHOP!
THERE MUST BE EVIDENCE THERE!



HERR BLONKER SPOTS THE
CAT-MAN.

THERE HE IS— THE MAN
LIKE A CAT. NOW HE SHALL
DIE WITH MY SECRET
LOCKED INSIDE OF
HIM!



THE PASSPORT FORGER AIMS
A TINY FLASHLIGHT AT THE
MAN BELOW HIM.

NO HUMAN CAN LIVE ONCE
THIS BLOOD-FREEZING—
RAY STRIKES HIM!



HIS BLOOD FROZEN IN HIS
VEINS BY THE DEADLY RAY
THE CAT-MAN FALLS DEAD
IN HIS TRACKS.



BACK AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS —

YOU HAVE NEWS OF OUR NEW AGENT?

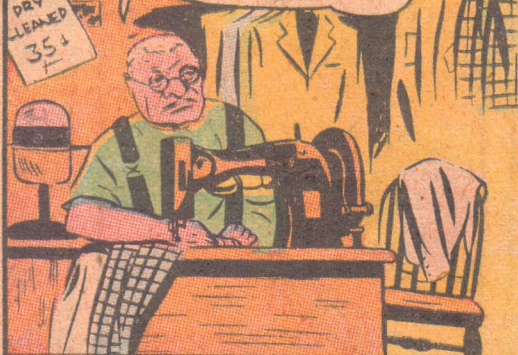
NO WORD I FEAR HE HAS MET THE FATE OF THE OTHERS!



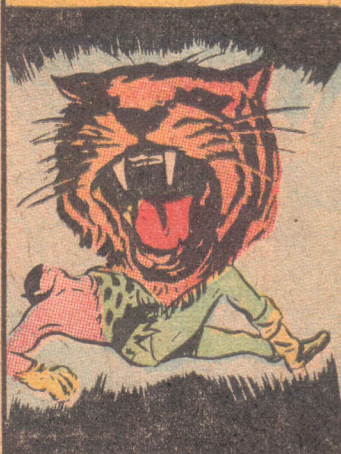
IN A SMALL TAILOR SHOP IN THE CITY SITS HERR BLONKER, KNOWN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS HANS THE TAILOR.

THE POOR SECRET SERVICE! HA! HA! — I'LL GIVE SPY N-42 THE BIGGEST LOT OF FAKE PASSPORTS YET!

SUITS DRY CLEANED 35¢

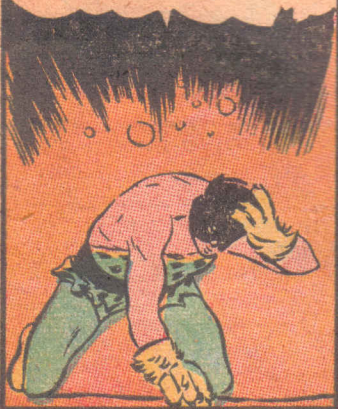


MEANWHILE, THE SPIRIT OF THE TIGRESS APPROACHES THE CORPSE OF THE CAT-MAN...



AND GRANTS HIM THE SECOND OF HIS NINE LIVES...

A STRANGE SLEEP! I WONDER.... BUT I MUST GET TO THAT TAILOR SHOP!



THE CATMAN HURRIES TO THE CITY

I CAN STOP HERE AND CHANGE!



ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY, THE CATMAN BECOMES DAVID MERRY-WETHER AGAIN...

NOW TO BECOME A CUSTOMER OF HANS THE TAILOR!



DAVID ENTERS THE TAILOR SHOP

I'D LIKE TO HAVE MY SUIT PRESSED, WHERE CAN I WAIT?

IN THE BACK ROOM, YOU CAN WAIT!



AS DAVID WAITS IN THE BACK ROOM, SPY N-42 ENTERS THE SHOP.

—AND THEN I FIX HIM WITH MY BLOOD-FREEZE RAY— AND THE MAN-LIKE CAT IS NO MORE!

WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAVE A SPECIAL LARGE LOT FOR ME!



I HAVE A CUSTOMER IN THE BACK. I THINK HE HEARD TOO MUCH!

HMM! I FIX HIM WITH LEAD! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!



BUT DAVID WAS ALREADY CHANGED BACK TO THE CAT-MAN'S GARB AND IS READY FOR SPY N-42

HIMMEL THE DEAD MAN LIKE A CAT!

NOT SO DEAD THIS TIME!

THE SPY WHIPS OUT A BLADE-PISTOL AND FIRES AT THE CATMAN, BUT THE CAT-MAN STEPS ASIDE!

NOW MR. CAT-MAN, I FIX YOU!

WHIZZ!

- AND NOW I FIX YOU!

CRACK!

HEARING THE COMMOTION, HERR BLONKER RUSHES IN WITH HIS DEATH RAY FLASH!

YOU-YOU-YOU ARE DEAD - MY GUN - I KILLED YOU!

NOW, NOW YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT!

TREMBLING WITH FRIGHT, HERR BLONKER DROPS THE FLASH AND THE CAT-MAN RETRIEVES IT AT ONCE

COME ALONG WITH ME NOW YOU FORGING FOOL YOUR BIG GAME IS UP!

I'LL COME - I'LL CONFESS! BUT DON'T LET THAT RAY TOUCH ME!

THE CAT-MAN DELIVERS BLONKER TO THE CHIEF OF THE SECRET SERVICE

- AND HERE'S YOUR GUILTY MAN, CHIEF - THE COUNTRY WON'T BE TROUBLED WITH THIS EGG ANYMORE!

ACH, HIMMEL!

THE NATION IS GREATFUL TO YOU, I CAN ASSURE YOU!

AND SO THE CAT-MAN RIGHTS ANOTHER WRONG AND LOSES ANOTHER LIFE. HE HAS ONLY 7 LIVES LEFT. WILL HE LOSE ANOTHER LIFE IN THE THRILLING ADVENTURE THAT AWAITS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRASH COMICS? GET YOUR COPY EARLY AND FIND OUT!

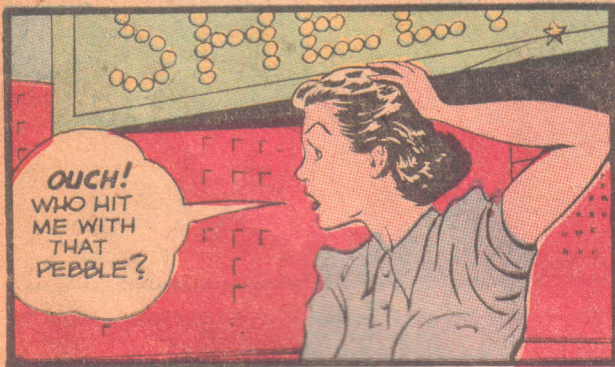
JANE DRAKE

DETECTIVE

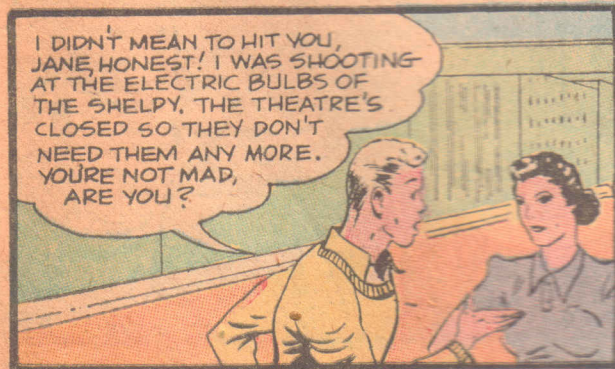
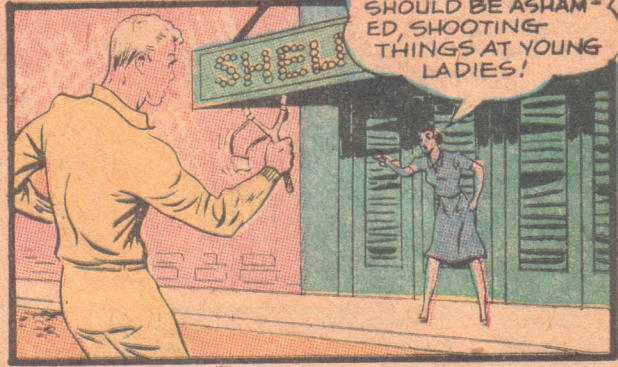
BECAUSE OF HER INNUMERABLE ESCAPES IN WHICH SHE FORTUNATELY HAS AVOIDED HARM, JANE DRAKE HAS BEEN WARNED BY HER FATHER TO DISCONTINUE HER CAREER AS A SELF-APPOINTED DETECTIVE, BUT, SHE REMAINS EVER-READY TO THE CALL OF ADVENTURE.



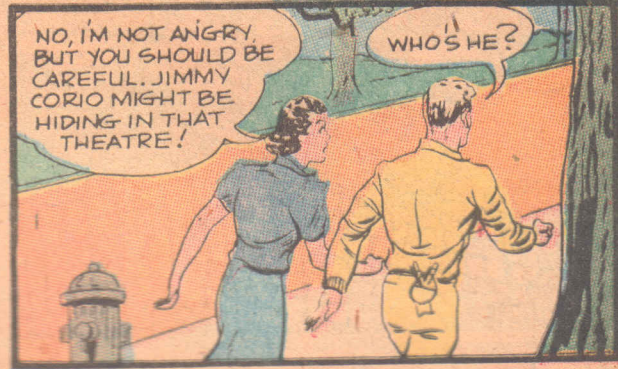
JERRY KING WITH A SLING SHOT. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED, SHOOTING THINGS AT YOUNG LADIES!



OUCH!
WHO HIT
ME WITH
THAT
PEBBLE?



I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU, JANE, HONEST! I WAS SHOOTING AT THE ELECTRIC BULBS OF THE SHELPHY, THE THEATRE'S CLOSED SO THEY DON'T NEED THEM ANY MORE. YOU'RE NOT MAD, ARE YOU?

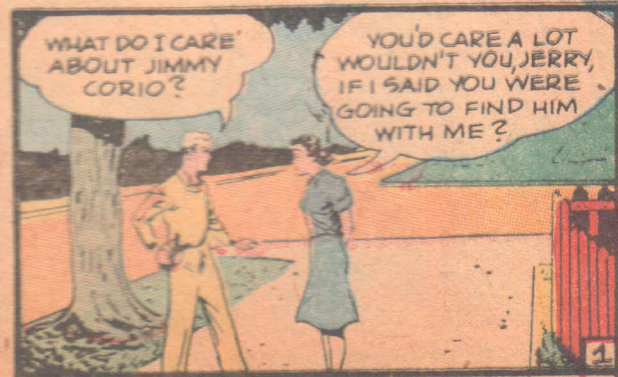


NO, I'M NOT ANGRY, BUT YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL. JIMMY CORIO MIGHT BE HIDING IN THAT THEATRE!

WHO'S HE?



WHO'S HE? HE'S A THIEF WHO WAS PUT INTO JAIL PENDING TRIAL. I HEARD MY FATHER SAY THIS MORNING HE JUMPED HIS BAIL, BUT HE COULDN'T LEAVE TOWN BECAUSE HE'D BE RECOGNIZED!



WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT JIMMY CORIO?

YOU'D CARE A LOT WOULDN'T YOU, JERRY, IF I SAID YOU WERE GOING TO FIND HIM WITH ME?



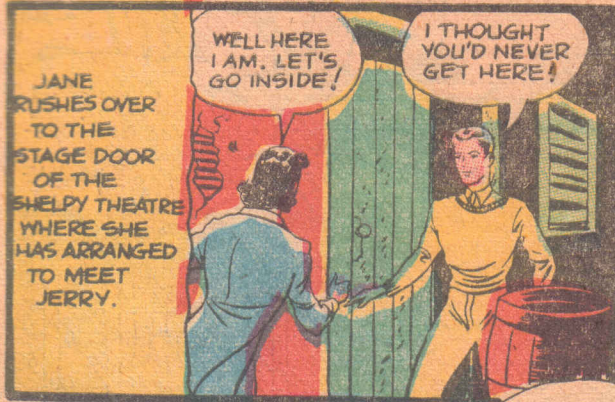
I JUST HAVE ONE OF THOSE HUNCHES I THINK I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING. IF YOU WANT TO ESCORT ME TO THE CLUB DANCE YOU'RE COMING WITH ME TONIGHT!

AW GEE JANE, YOU MAKE IT AWFULLY TOUGH FOR A FELLER, BUT - ALL RIGHT!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN SUCH A HURRY YOUNG LADY? YOU HAVEN'T HAD YOUR DESERT!

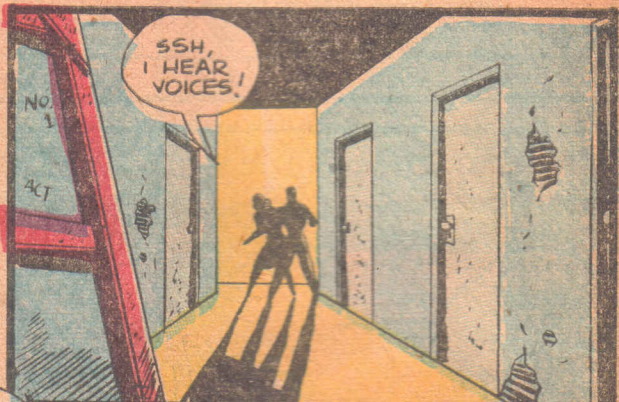
LATER, THAT NIGHT



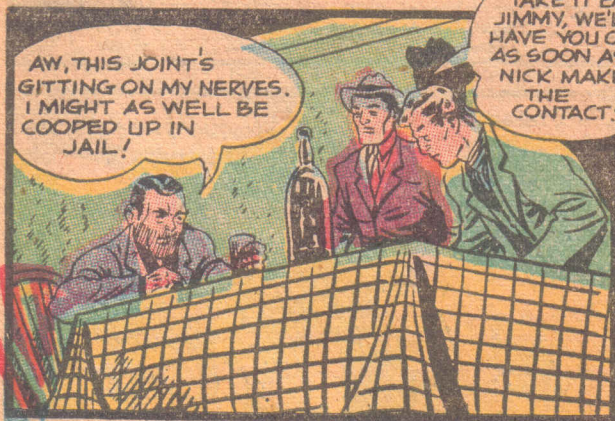
JANE RUSHES OVER TO THE STAGE DOOR OF THE SHELPY THEATRE WHERE SHE HAS ARRANGED TO MEET JERRY.

WELL HERE I AM. LET'S GO INSIDE!

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER GET HERE!



SSH, I HEAR VOICES!



AW, THIS JOINT'S GITTING ON MY NERVES. I MIGHT AS WELL BE COOPED UP IN JAIL!

TAKE IT EASY JIMMY, WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT AS SOON AS NICK MAKES THE CONTACT!

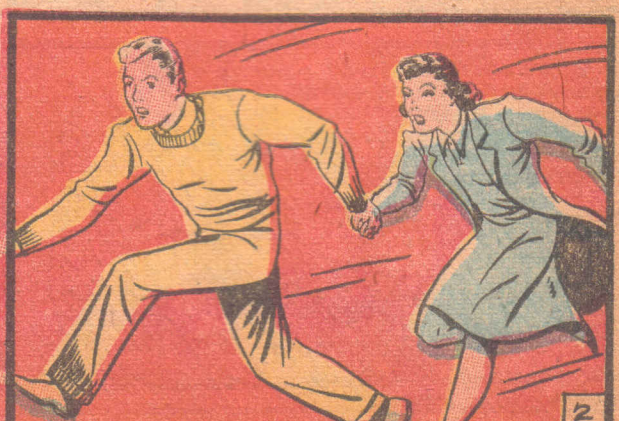


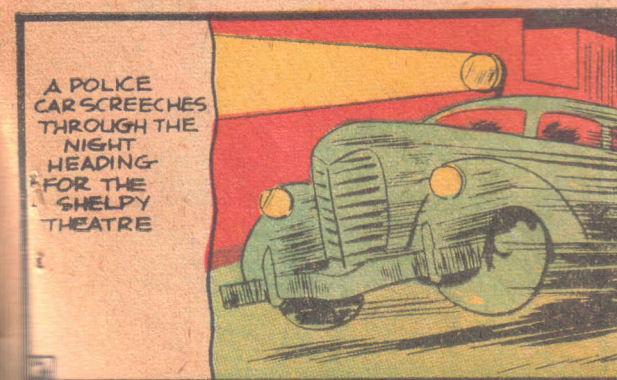
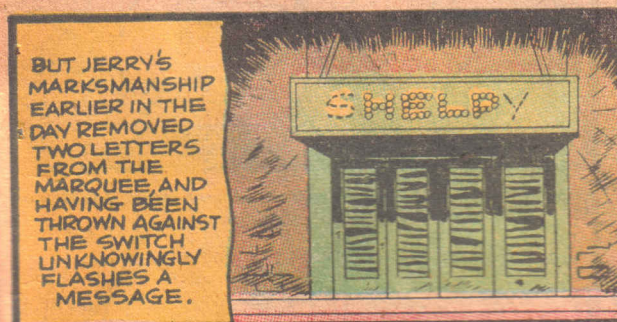
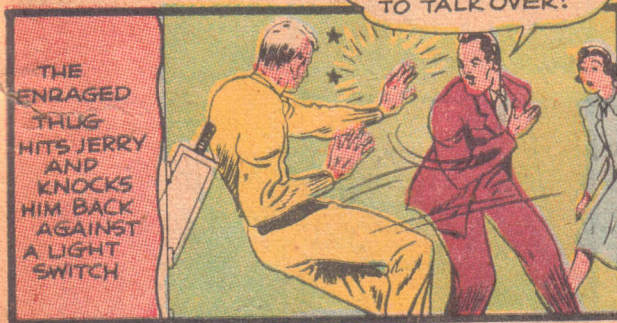
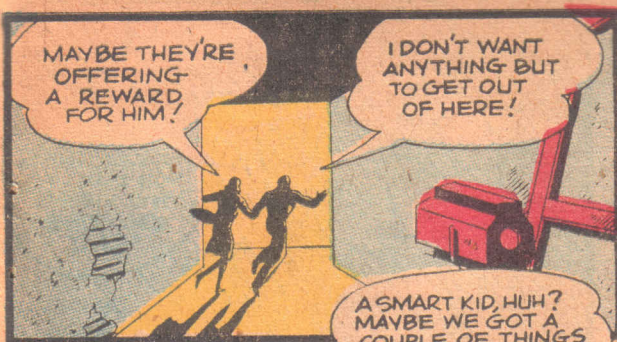
THAT'S JIMMY CORIO! HE'S IN THERE!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE IF HE CATCHES US - - -

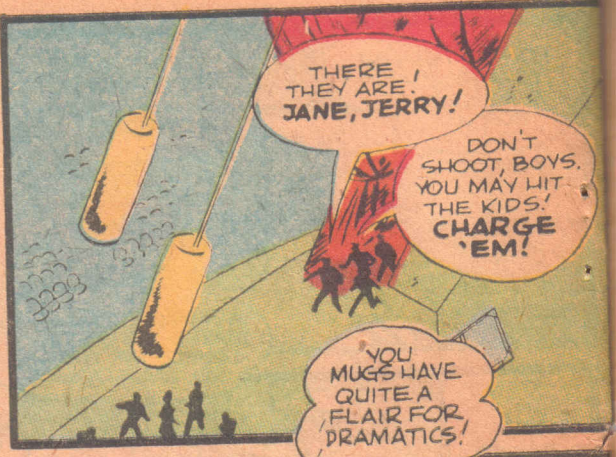
I'M GOING TO CALL DAD AND POLICE CHIEF DUGAN!







THE
STAGE
DOOR
BURSTS
OPEN
AND
CHIEF
DUGAN,
FOLLOWED
BY HIS
MEN,
ENTER
THE
THEATRE



THERE
THEY ARE!
JANE, JERRY!

DON'T
SHOOT, BOYS.
YOU MAY HIT
THE KIDS!
CHARGE
'EM!

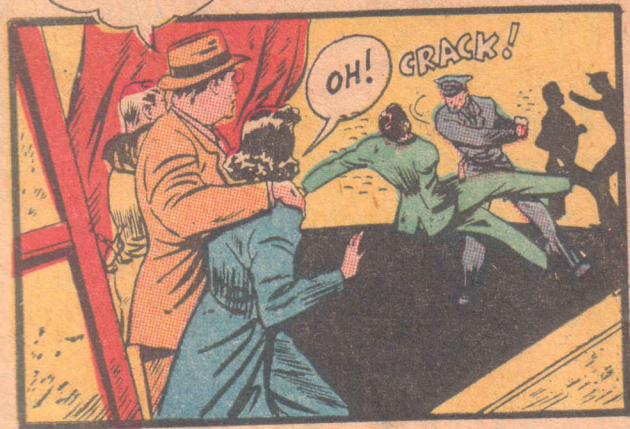
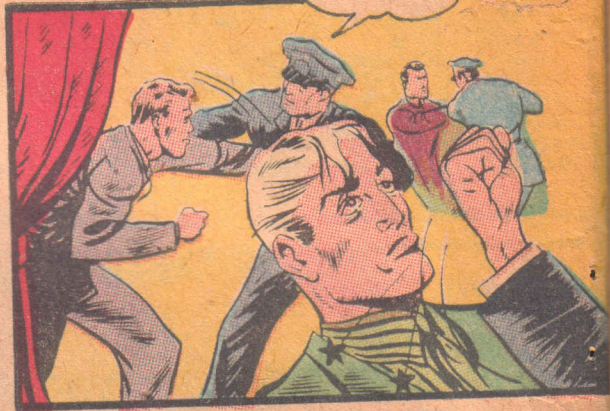
YOU
MUGS HAVE
QUITE A
FLAIR FOR
DRAMATICS!



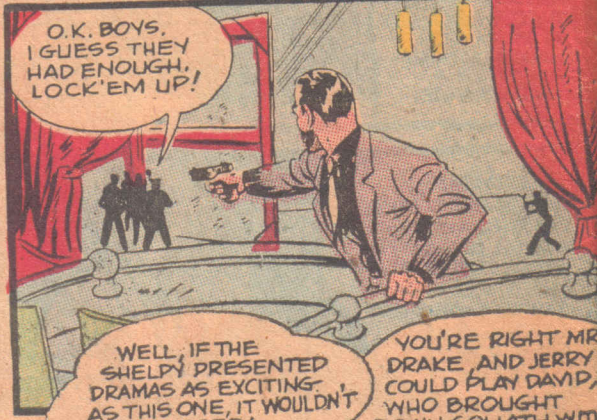
THEY AIN'T
GONNA SHOOT,
COME ON
SAIL IN!

THE
THUGS
PREPARE
TO MAKE
A
STAND
AGAINST
THE
POLICE

EASY
JANIE -
DON'T BE
FRIGHTENED!



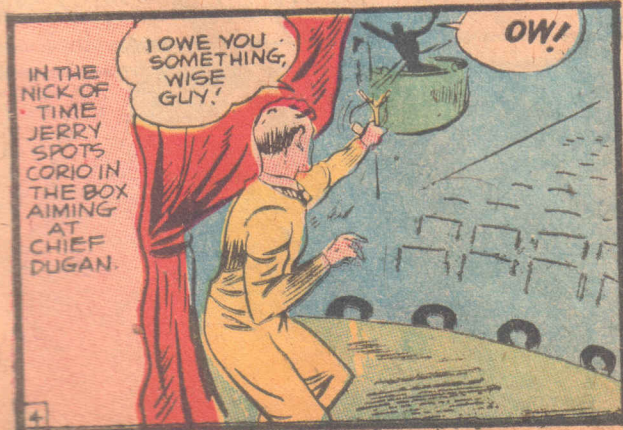
OH! CRACK!



O.K. BOYS,
I GUESS THEY
HAD ENOUGH,
LOCK 'EM UP!

WELL, IF THE
SHELDY PRESENTED
DRAMAS AS EXCITING
AS THIS ONE, IT WOULDN'T
HAVE CLOSED!

YOU'RE RIGHT MR
DRAKE, AND JERRY
COULD PLAY DAVID,
WHO BROUGHT
DOWN GOLIATH WITH
HIS SLINGSHOT!



OW!

I OWE YOU
SOMETHING,
WISE
GUY!

IN THE
NICK OF
TIME
JERRY
SPOTS
CORIO IN
THE BOX
AIMING
AT
CHIEF
DUGAN.



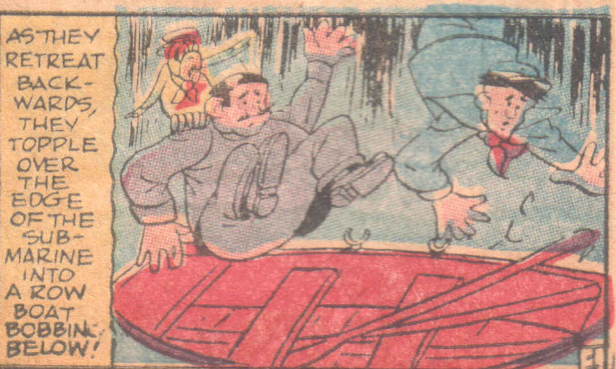
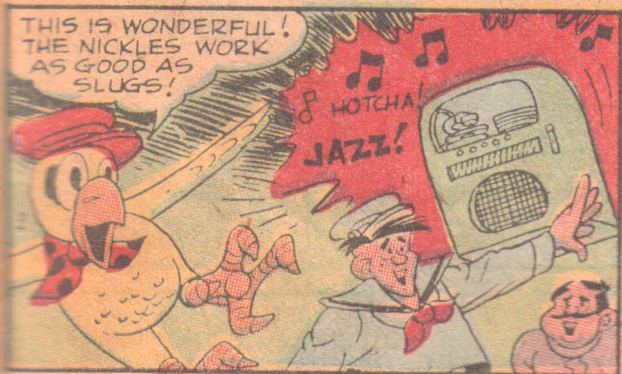
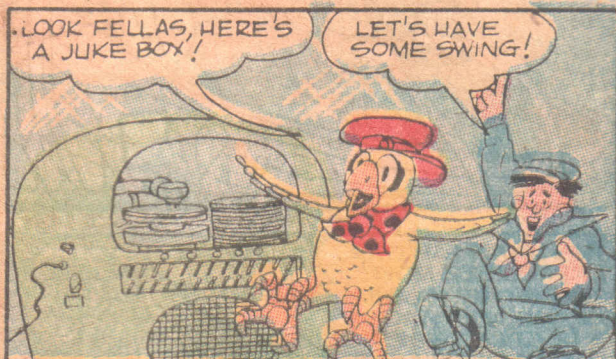
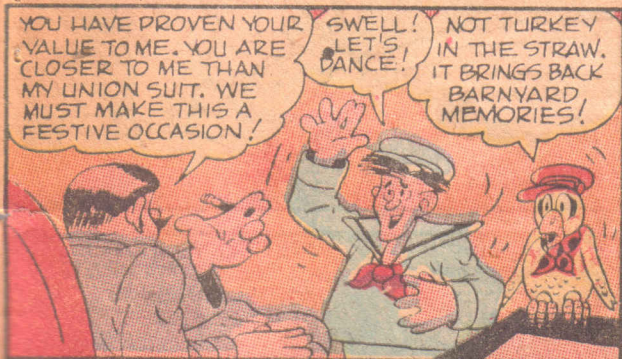
NEXT MONTH IN
CRASH JANE DRAKE
LURES POOR
JERRY INTO
ANOTHER
THRILLER!

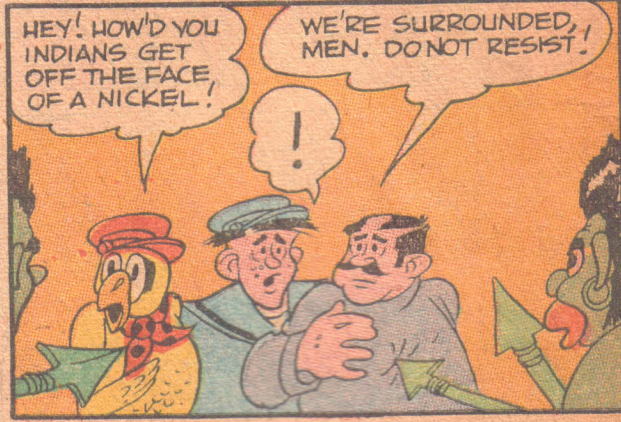
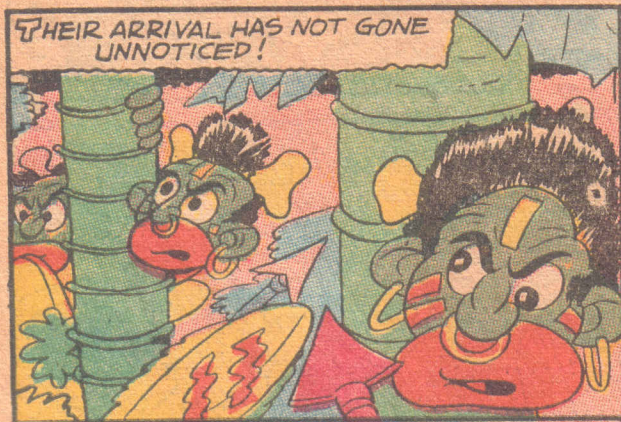
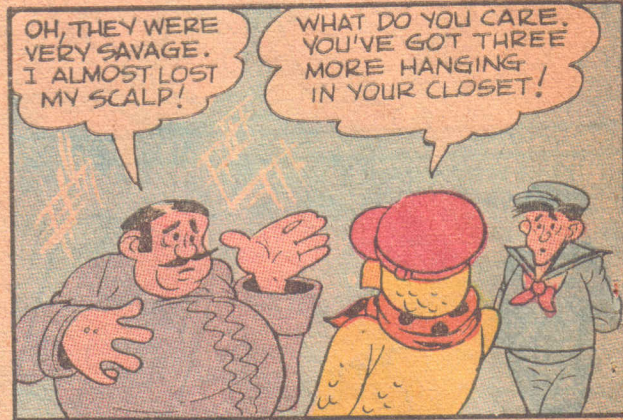
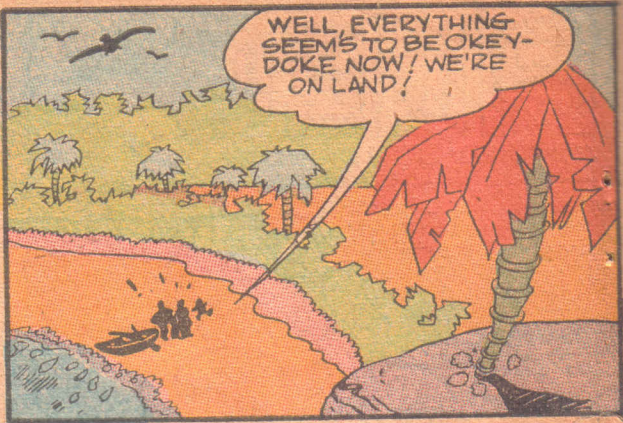
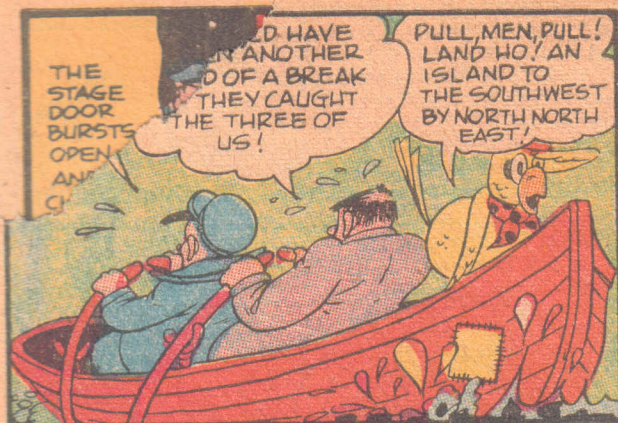
ALEC

AND THE REIGN OF YANG

BY
R. JOHNSON

IN THE PRECEDING INSTALLMENT, HIS PARROT WERE DOOMED BY YANG'S SLIGHTLY-MAD RULER. IT WAS ONLY THE PARROT'S QUICK THINKING THAT THEIR LIVES WERE SPARED WHEN HE CONCEALED A BLACK DANDRUFF THAT WOULDN'T SHOW ON A BLUE SERGE SUIT.





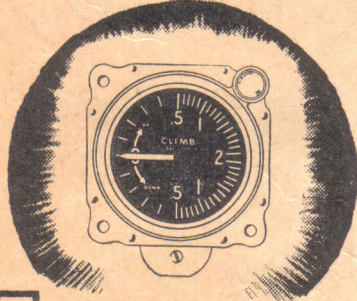
ALEC, YANG AND TOOTSIE, THE PARROT, REALLY FIND THEMSELVES IN SOME TROUBLE WITH A HOSTILE TRIBE OF ACKYWACKIES! SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF **CRASH** FOR FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS!

It is easier for soldiers to march in step because of the rhythm of the soldiers in front.
 The Rot-of-Climb indicators such as those manufactured by the Bulova Watch Company have indicated that the coldest temperature found above the earth is over the Equator.
 The SPARS are associated with the Coast Guard.
 The new pennies are now made of steel.

IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ---- by LAWRENCE



SOLDIERS ALWAYS BREAK STEP WHILE CROSSING A BRIDGE BECAUSE THE REGULAR AND REPEATED TAP OF FALLING FEET SETS THE BRIDGE IN VIBRATION, AND THE SHAKING MIGHT STRAIN THE IRONWORK! IS IT EASIER FOR SOLDIERS TO MARCH IN OR OUT OF STEP ?



THE RATE OF CLIMB INDICATORS WHICH ARE MANUFACTURED BY THE BULOVA WATCH COMPANY FOR THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE ARE TESTED IN HEAT AND COLD TO SIMULATE FLYING CONDITIONS. WHERE DO WE FIND THE COLDEST TEMPERATURE ABOVE THE EARTH ?



THE NAME "SPAR" IS DERIVED FROM THE INITIALS OF TWO LATIN WORDS AND THEIR DEFINITIONS (SEMPER PARATUS, WHICH MEANS ALWAYS READY)! WITH WHICH BRANCH OF THE SERVICE ARE "SPARS" ASSOCIATED ?



THE NEW PENNIES (COPPERS) NOW CONTAIN NO COPPER! WHAT METAL HAS REPLACED THE COPPER ALLOY IN THE MAKING OF PENNIES ?



ANSWERS ARE PRINTED IN REVERSE AT TOP OF PAGE

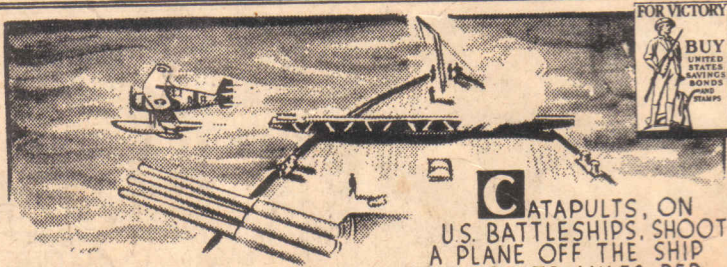
Catapults are made to swing in any direction, because planes always take off into the wind and it is easier to swing the catapult than to turn the warship!

The age limits of the various ranks are: First Lieutenant—30; Second Lieutenant—35; Captain—42; Major—47; Lieutenant-Colonel—52; Colonel—55; Brigadier General—60; Major General—62.

The Delaware, which is named for a state, would be a Battleship. San Francisco, named for a city, would be a Cruiser. Farragut, after a naval hero, would be a Destroyer. Lexington, named after a great battle, would be an Aircraft Carrier.

Solder is used for uniting metals.

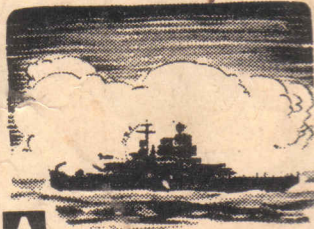
IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ---- by LAWRENCE



CATAPULTS, ON U.S. BATTLESHIPS, SHOOT A PLANE OFF THE SHIP AT A SPEED OF 70 MILES PER HOUR! WHY ARE THESE CATAPULTS MADE SO THAT THEY CAN SWING AROUND IN ANY DIRECTION?



THE U.S. ARMY HAS A FIELD SERVICE AGE LIMIT FOR EVERY COMMISSIONED OFFICER'S RANK, EXCEPT LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND GENERAL! CAN YOU NAME ANY 3 OF THESE AGE LIMITS?



A CAPITAL SHIP OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CLASS COSTS ABOUT \$70,000,000! IF FOUR NAVAL VESSELS WERE NAMED THE DELAWARE, SAN FRANCISCO, FARRAGUT AND LEXINGTON, WHAT TYPE WOULD EACH BE?



LEAD MELTS AT 620° FAHRENHEIT AND TIN AT 446°. WHEN THESE TWO METALS ARE MELTED AND COMBINED, THE PRODUCT IS CALLED SOLDER WHICH MELTS AT 356°F! FOR WHAT PURPOSE IS SOLDER USED?

ANSWERS ARE PRINTED IN REVERSE AT TOP OF PAGE